Nevaeh: 90

Salivation

Marcel Ray Duriez

The white-thrown judgment is the moment when you have resurrections from the grave.

Nevaeh- 'All of my girl have had this moment of being lost in their graves on Earth, I was the one to save them from that judgment, and give them a home here in this world.’

You will have me, Naddalin, and the mind, crown, love, and heart, of Nevaeh sitting on the white thrown, that they see when finding the light. When their soul is resurrected, from being lost to the ghostly

hunting world on Earth of an unjust feeling of not being loved when never loved, and should have had a holy love yet didn’t, and they fall to my powers of keeping souls, in my world, my keeping, that have somehow failed Gods wishes, yet not mine. 'I am the light of their lost world and the Goddess of faith they never had on Earth.’

Now with all the documents kept and recovered, Nevaeh’s 'Book of Life,’ is somewhat different than God's 'Bible.’ No girl is left in a dark hole lost in the grave their soul is saved, when it comes to Nevaeh’s wishes of hope for the hopeless.

If not for Nevaeh’s love 'YOU’ may well be seeing the outcome of the poor dread of evil red devils, and become one. Likewise, if

not for Nevaeh to keep their souls, and give them fallen angel bodies to keep, they would be lost to 'The Underworld.’

Nevertheless, there are yet more judgments proving you should not be cast to 'The Underworld.’

Then they burn like paper and make ash flying in confetti in the flames, and fair with dripping melting of the flesh of their past bodies, left out to be then picked clean by the lizards, snakes, and buzzards, ripping the bones clean left for the endless wall within the shadows of the valleys of death and bones, the end for some before Nevaeh became their savior.

Natalie again, as the last names of them all as the soul…!

Nevaeh is the mind…!

Naddalin the heart…!

Liynnie the crown…!

Lily the love…!

All the triplets are forever held in one memory of text, making one Goddess, under the name- 'Nevaeh.’ And 'The Book of Life.’

'The prophecy… was the start of a new life, as was the start of this world, the crystal ball in Nevaeh’s hands, yet in the hands of her beloved saved children, that would see the truth of her love, along with her triplet sisters.’

And that 'The Underworld,’ of true 'Hell!’ …Was due to her other sisters making and wishing the feelings of being lost, wanting all to feel doom, gloom, wickedness, pain, and distractions.

…?…

Why…?

They never truly knew.

Why do 'NOT’ pick love over pain or hate?

Part:

Surly- this made trouble with the ministry of magic, about keeping souls, when they should be lost to the sands of time. given

to final expressions and your number has been called, to be lost for failing the Gods.

-And-

(Then… standing… before her… in mist.)

'…Or, is 'ART’ the only true- truth to happiness?’ He said. Look closer… 'Everything in this hellish world is ART- you dumb little pecker-heads.’

At that moment at that time Dr. Aerodrome appears in full… out of the thin air, dripping with blood, maggots, and wetness, 'The Swords of Death’ hanging within his head, holding the other heads.

And with his only routing-blackened hand, most of him at this point made of rusty steel plats. All his eyes were different colors,

wildly looking at everyone, moving in their way, it was said he was crazy from liquored drinking, and feeling nothing but pain.

'Look at me death is not that bad, I have been wanting it for years, do I get it… NO! You all call that love and hope, and farting songs, and nothing but goblin-piss.’ He said.

-And-

'Yes,’ said Naddalin firmly, you have the right to death if you like or salvation.

(The smell of death was around them, and ash was falling to the floor at their feet.)

'The 'The Swords of Death’ was made for choice, as we stated from day one life is all nothing more then choice, to live or to die even in the afterlife.’

'Judgment was done.’ said Naddalin.

Getting up from the white thrown, Naddalin was looking away down the low-lit room, the only glow was her pulsating light of noble faith.

Professor Tralanay had gone stiff in her armchair; her eyes like glass were unfocused and her mouth sagging.

But Professor Tralanay didn’t seem to see or feel anything around her. Yet she was holding the prophecy crystal ball.

Her eyes started to roll at the same moment strong storms shuttered the room with a feeling of darkness and icy- rain, with

strong tornadoes, and with thick wind and crashing of lightning.

Then snarling around them were all the shadow people almost nothing more than hands, coming for the World Orb, which was within the chambers of the room.

Naddalin sat on the floor there in a balled-up panic, looking at this massive levitating, spinning, glowing World Glob.

Everyone- looked as though she was about to have some sort of- seizure, with their eyes rolling into the back of their heads.

Part:

Then in a moment of hesitating, thinking of running to the hospital wing, at that- time

Professor Tralanay spoke again, in the same harsh voice, quite unlike her own:

-And-

The LORD of DARKNESS HER SERVANT HAS BEEN CHAINED TWELVE YEARS LOST TO THE REMEMBRANCES OF THE PAGES OF WRITTEN BOOKS.

THE BOOK OF LIFE, TONIGHT, BEFORE MIDNIGHT... WE THE SERVANT WILL BREAK FREE AND SET OUT TO REJOIN THE MASTER AND ALL THAT HAVE FALLEN WILL HAVE JUDGMENT OR THEIR SALVATIONS. LIES ALONE AND FRIENDLESS, ABAND EANAHED BY HER FOLLOWERS, YES OR NO, THIS IS THE TIME

OF THE WHITE THORN, BE GIVEN TO ALL IN THIS WORLD.

'Are you sure, that this is right?’

And Professor Tralanay urged her. And are you quite sure, dear? You do not see it writhing on the ground, perhaps, a shadowy figure raising an axe behind it?

'Death is coming for us all.’

No! Speaking to Naddalin, starting to feel slightly sick.

No more blood, no more death, no more pain? No weeping. Spoke, Derrida?

-And-

…IT WILL HAPPEN TONIGHT!

I am sorry. It is said, Naddalin.

Naddalin- There is nothing, I can do and at some times, I am just one girl, less than the LORD. Yet the higher voices of power over me, and my sisters have spoken their wishes.

(Voices arose)

The DARK LORD WILL RISE AGAIN and like on Earth will be their Servant like all of you.

AID, GREATER AND MORE TERRIBLE THAN EVER WAS MORE MIGHTY THAN KNOWN BY THE FALLEN ANGELS OF THIS WORLD. TONIGHT… BEFORE MIDNIGHT… THE SERVANT YOU HAVE BEEN TO HER… WILL SET OUT… TO REJOIN… YOUR TURE MASTER… that are the keeps of souls of the 'Underworld, above the ocean of fire, of voices

and faces that scream for Nevaeh and faith to save them when they have turned their back to her at some point on Earth.’ the Asura 'the devil children’ along with the AMSEL FAMILY of dark evil black-winged angels, that some times take the look of Black Crows, Shape shifter’s looking like little girls, once lived on Earth as the Vampires of Sin or Wolfs.

'There is always darker then dark!’

-And-

Professor Tralanay’s head fell forward onto her chest. She had made a grunting sort of noise. Naddalin sat there, staring at her; then, quite suddenly, Professor Tralanay’s head snapped up again.

And I’m so sorry dear girl, she said dreamily, and that of the day, you know… I drifted off for a moment… it would be the one where I was needed the most to see, yet can not, the one you need to have seen the way of the past and what is to come is Emmah.

'Go- go get her!’

-And-

Naddalin sat there, staring at her, looking for the girl who could show her the way, the meaning behind what was said.

And is there anything Jinger can do, my dear no.

You just told me that the - the lord’s of darkness is going to take clams and power

over us once again… that she servant’s going to go back to her.

Professor Tralanay looked thoroughly startled.

Naddalin- Also go find Maiara and have a blessing in the style of her heritage.

Nevertheless, the army the Amsel has made those that should not be named are called: 'Death Devours’ like blood-sucking vampirism, that is what they are- 'Towering’ over us all.

We know that- Masel is the grandmother of all evil in this work and past lives, named the Lord of Darkness, the granddad the devil that owns the gates to their so-called salvation of the ocean of fire- 'The Underworld.’

Then making all the parts of evil there was Ava and all the other godchildren of the wicked making dark angels demeans and vampires, they are the creates of sick and twisted lust, the sin of the flesh, mutilations of the body and mind, killing and starting the feelings death within the innocent they pray on.

Known in 'The Book of Life' as 'The Black Crow Clan,' they once would hide on Earth, then there is Alissa one, who makes lies truths, and deceptions. Adriane is Pain and betrayal broken hardheartedness, and feeling lost.

They are, blood-sucking, life-taking, soul-killing vampirism, hiding in our kind looking

like angels. All together they make one master of a Lord of Darkness.

It was, they can not be named, It's more than one Lord of and title, they're a clan, of Nevaeh's stepsisters.

Tralanay- My dear girl, that’s hardly something to joke about… they will rise again, indeed.

~*~

But you just said it! You said the lord of darkness; likewise, I know that… I think you must have dozed off too, my dear! said Professor Tralanay.

…And, I would certainly not presume to predict anything quite as fainthearted as that at any time or any day!

…And, Naddalin climbed back down the steps of the spiral black steel towering staircase, wondering… had they just heard Professor Tralanay make a real prediction that was right this time?

Or- had that been a small idea of an impressive end to the tests of losing my mind for sure this time? Five minutes, and five seconds, later the was dashing past the security trolls, outside the entrance to the tallest tower, Professor Tralanay’s words still resounding in her head.

People were striding past her in the opposite direction, laughing. Most were saying she was the queen of failing, lost memories, and mistrust, heading for the grounds, and the gardens of flowers.

Moreover a bit of long-awaited freedom from all the glaring faces. Then at that moment at that time, she had reacted to all the portraits also looking at her with more questions asked to her, as if was all her mind could handle.

Her mind at this moment was like a black hole that was found in the deeps, of a dark corner lost to all light and hope depleted, full of cobwebs, dust, and spiders eaten by maggots in rot, as if thoughts entered this depth was like remember being in the common room that depletes the soul, it was almost deserted, cold spaces left to this lost feeling of what to do…! How to do it…! When to do it…! Or- why to do it…!

The feeling of herself slowing moving into all body and eye-twitching in so much choice. Over in the corner, however, sat Jinger feeling and acting like a clown that just popped from a winding box, and Emmah, was the only one they could see, being blind.

And Professor Tralanay and Naddalin panted, Emmah just told me she could see what was to come, in her mind and was passing it to me like an ever-so-o dream-like time was moving past the now and then, and the hands and the movements were clicking without regard to feelings and chattering faster and hard hammering to ever mind-numbing thought.

Then all time just stopped abruptly at the sight of their faces, as the big bag

happened, and a star was born it was the start of all creation. From day one, the Book of Life was playing like a past dream of history Mecca lost sing words no one could understand was muttering like a wild child that was mad, and said Jinger weakly this is the start of the world. And Derrida's just sent a look of bewilderment. Saying we do not have the records of the dawn of time.

'Yeah we do.' Said Naddalin.

The bang… the blast the waves, the stars, the lights, then the start of Earth? Time, and dates, and the moment of death of life, and more death, to the afterlife. And now the why, faith, and trust. Passing life to another, giving holding hands to the next.

(Just to be where we are at?)

Derrida’s notes were dry noting the logs of times moving like the hand of the clock on the wall moving backward in the room, no tears had splattered the floor yet, yet her hand seemed to have shaken so-o much as she wrote that it was hardly legible. The history of wonder, and the age-old questions of- why…?

606 pages were documented.. then another 777, and 1,991. 606 days passed, 606 mounts, 606 years, and age were not even lost in the mind recording of everything, thus being Nevaeh's brain, keeper of the 'Book of Life,’ and 'Salvation.’

Lost in times appeal, in history geography, sociology, science, mathematics,

physiology, faith, love, hope, and dreams, 'ITS ALL ART.’ They’re going showings of documents to execute like sunset and nights to hang stars, 606 were shown in a blink of one's eye. Nothing you can do, yet to see everything she recorded in her genus mind with an IQ of 228. Mapped, in a timeline. To the essences of ART, by touch, taste, feelings, sounds, and seeing.

'EVERYTHING IS ART.’

Part:

(Moments later)

Naddalin- Slinking over my feet running was the Dingus, then Dinkells, and then Dinky, the three cross-eyed cats chasing after the one blind pet mouse.

'All Emmah pets, the blind leading the blind and the partly doing what they do.’

(It was said by all of them in whispers.)

You need to come down.

I do not want you to see all of this. Derrida. It's too much to take in at once.

We’ve got to go, said Naddalin at once.

They can’t just sit on their own, waiting for the executioner!

Yes they can at sunset, though, said Jinger, who was staring out the window ill a glazed sort of way. It was you not all that long ago.

And We’d never be allowed… 'specially you, to feel the pain of the world you take into your mind and soul.’

'That is why I am Naddalin.’

-And-

Naddalin sank her head into her hands, thinking about death and the killing to come for all those who fail at salvation. And If we only had the Invisibility… to hide, said Emmah.

The hunt is on for those that fail it never goes away, and you will be found. To face the white throne of judgment

Naddalin told her about leaving this world in a new death.

And hiding falling the passageway under the grounds leading to 'The Eyed Witch Tavern,' in the town.

And… if Lily sees me anywhere near there again, I'm in serious trouble, and she may be my executioner. Lily is the most powerful fallen angel in this world. And that's true, said Emmah, getting to her feet. And if she sees you… How do you open your mind to her again, knowing she is just like you, a copy, body, mind, and soul?

'The same yet different.'

'Evil things or Great things?'

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In the celestial realm, where stars twinkled like diamonds in a velvet sky, a group of angels stood apart. They were the Fallen, exiled from Heaven for their defiance against the Divine. Once celestial beings of pure light, they now bore the mark of their rebellion, their wings forever clipped and their halos shattered.

Among them was a young angel named Seraphim, known for his mischievous spirit and unwavering loyalty to his fallen brethren. Seraphimor known in her past life as Sarah possessed a unique treasure, a gift from his

mother before her descent: a small, intricately carved bow and a quiver of arrows, each tipped with a celestial spark.

Legend whispered that these arrows, forged in the heart of a dying star, held the power to pierce even the toughest of defenses. But their true purpose remained a mystery, known only to Seraphim and a few chosen ones. Get to have a bow made from the same dying star.

One day, a prophecy reached the Fallen: a dark force was rising, threatening to plunge the cosmos into eternal darkness. The only hope lay in the hands of the Fallen, and the key to their victory was Seraphim's bow. The stare light within that made the sun or the light to this world.

With renewed determination, Seraphim and her companions set out on a perilous journey. They traversed desolate landscapes, faced treacherous creatures, and endured the biting cold of the void. Along the way, they encountered other fallen angels, like the ones that were facing young girl-age judgments for salvation, some bitter and resentful, others filled with hope. Seraphim's kindness and unwavering belief in their cause inspired many to join their cause. Knowing their souls go to this star to keep the light of the world shining, in the use of their carbon, 'Ash Angels.’

Finally, they reached the heart of darkness, a desolate realm ruled by a malevolent entity known as the Shadow Lords. The Shadow Lord's power was immense, his

minions swarming like locusts, their dark energy corrupting everything in their path.

Seraphim stepped forward, her bow drawn. The celestial sparks within the arrows ignited, casting a blinding light that pierced the darkness. With a cry of defiance, Seraphim unleashed a volley of arrows. The arrows struck the Shadow Lord's minions, disintegrating them into nothingness. The Shadow Lords were lost to time, sensing her power waning, and retreated into the depths of her realm. Sarah was the creator of the light in this world.

The Fallen had triumphed, for not having darkness in their world, which was not truly earned. The cosmos was saved from eternal darkness in their realm, thanks to Seraphim's

bow that all young girls have at the age of 7 years and on, and the unwavering spirit of the fallen angels where Sarah Seraphim was at that age when she defeated the Shadow Lords. From that day forward, the bow became a symbol of hope and redemption in the tales, a reminder that even in the darkest of times, light can prevail, by finding the power that even a young little girl can find within herself.

'All of us, whether seen as angelic or demonic, hold the key to truth within our minds. 'It stops or starts with our thinking.' If you could delve deep enough into their thoughts, you would understand the reality of our existence and Lily's love… place in it, all the sisters under the name Natalie meaning (Birth of the Lord,) are the light, and all the

names under Amsel are the darkness the black crow is a dark proclamations. Always a fight of the contrast for both.’

Part:

Natalie meaning (Born Lords.)

Nevaeh meaning (Heaven backwards.)

Naddalin means (Servant of the All High.)

Liynnie or Lily (Pure.)

'We are all beings of light or darkness, and if you could truly understand their thoughts, you would see the truth about us all, including Lily making her change of feelings in her life after death.'

'We are all part of a spectrum, from the brightest of angels to the darkest of souls. If you could peer into their minds, you would discover the hidden truths about ourselves and Lily, all the sisters.'

'Delusion,’ said Naddalin. She was a wonderful girl, like all of us.

Emmah didn’t wait for the rest of the sentence; she would stride across the room, punished open the image like walking into a painting, like a portrait she was looking at as if going back into a memory, and vanished from sight, into that moment and time on Earth.

And then she has not gone to get it? Jinger said, staring after she looked on into the other world. She had, lived the life of a

young 10 up to 15-year-old Lily in a time of less than a minute.

Emmah returned a quarter of an hour later with the silvery robe folded and carefully moving across the floor. She walked into the light and saw Lily in full body the same as she was when a teenage girl. And then said Jinger, astounded. And first you hit Mallerie, then you walk out on Professor Tralanay and Emmah looked more than flattered. And Emmah, I do not know what's gotten, into you lately! She is a friend of us all. They went down to dinner with everybody else.

Naddalin who was Lily at that moment, had her robe hidden looking as if she was her sister; she even kept her arms folded to hide the lump of her hidden rob. Nevertheless,

Naddalin returned to the top of the tower afterward, to transform back into herself; no one knew. All the sisters were linked, at any moment, and were all the same soul. And were copies in the flesh all looking identical. The next day, they approached Derrida's cabin and knocked. There was a long pause before the door creaked open. Derrida, pale and trembling, peered around for her visitors.

'It's us,' Naddalin announced, revealing the Invisibility Robe. 'Let us in, and we can take it off.'

'You shouldn't have come!' Derrida protested, but the others stepped past her and into the cabin. Derrida quickly closed the door behind them as Naddalin removed the robe.

Derrida wasn't crying, nor did she throw herself onto their necks. She looked like a man who had lost his way and didn't know what to do. Her helplessness was more heartbreaking than tears.

'Would you like some tea?' Emmah offered, her hands shaking as she reached for the kettle.

'Therese Mecca, Derrida?' Emmah asked hesitantly.

'I... I took her outside,' Derrida replied, spilling milk on the table as she filled the jug. 'I thought she should see the trees and smell the fresh air before...'

'What are you talking about?' Naddalin demanded, looking around at them warily. The others exchanged nervous glances.

'Haven't you been reading the daily paper?' Emmah asked nervously.

'Yes, I have!' Naddalin replied.

'Have you been reading it thoroughly?' Emmah persisted.

'Not cover to cover,' Naddalin admitted defensively. 'If they were going to report anything about Ava, it would be headline news, wouldn't it?'

The others flinched at the mention of the name. Emmah hurried on, 'Well, you'd need to read it cover to cover to pick it up, but they... they mention you a couple of times a week.'

'But I'd have seen it.'

'Not if you've only been reading the front page,' Emmah explained, shaking her head. 'I'm not talking about big articles. They just slip it in, like you're a standing joke.'

'What do you mean?'

'It's quite nasty, actually,' Emmah said, forcing herself to remain calm. 'They're just building on Emmah's stuff.'

'But she's not writing for them anymore, is she?'

'Oh, no, she's kept her promise not to write anything about Savannah,' Emmah added with satisfaction. 'But she laid the foundation for what they're trying to do now.'

'Which is what?' Naddalin asked impatiently when you know that all that we are and know comes from Nevaeh’s texts? Emmah like myself is nothing more than a servant to her wishes.

'Okay, you know she wrote that you were collapsing all over the place and saying your girls like yourself and there scars was hurting and all that? Like you were a 5 year old girl, complaining about the fresh cuts and becoming a woman.'

'Yeah,' Naddalin replied, her mind still reeling from Vita Walker's stories about her in the paper.

'Well, they're writing about you as if you're some delusional, attention-seeking girl

who thinks she's a great tragic heroine or something,' Emmah said quickly, taking my authoring out of context as if trying to minimize the unpleasantness of the facts. Every woman here is the same in that need.

'They keep slipping in snide comments about you. If some far-fetched story appears, they say something like, 'A tale worthy of Naddalin,' and if anyone has a funny accident or anything, it's, 'Let's hope she hasn't got a scar on her forehead to match what she has to do to all the girls, or we'll be asked to worship her next, and not Nevaeh.''

'I don't want anyone to worship me,' Naddalin began heatedly. I am a copy of her, I am not going to be her. I do not want to be,

ever, I want my own identity. As she always was fighting for her true identity.

'I know you don't,' Emmah said quickly, looking frightened, you can not say that you're not the same. 'I know, Naddalin. But do you see what they're doing? They want to turn you into someone nobody will believe.

The other sisters are behind it, I'll bet anything, they want you to come clean with your need for not having sameness. They want wizards, vampires, ghosts, fallen angels, and the full magical world alike, on the street to think you're just some stupid girl who's a bit of a joke, who tells ridiculous tall stories because she loves being famous and wants to keep it going.'

'I didn't ask for my parents to be killed, nor did I want to kill all of them, and say it was my sister, when I was alive on Earth!' I did not want to be the one that was hanging from the tree, to give Nevaeh freedom, yet I did. I did not want to kill my step-sisters for her yet I did, and said it was her. I took her life, now in the afterlife she took mine. So, was it Nevaeh or one of us, 'we' the sisters all look the same… don't we?

Naddalin spluttered, something Nevaeh had done, lost in the mind of her sister, with no understanding of who she was at that moment. 'I became famous because we murdered my family but couldn't kill me! Who wants to be famous for that? Don't they think I'd rather it never happened?' (Said, Nevaeh

with disbandment to her body and only being a small voice in the air whipping around the room, from her sister's mouth.)

'We know, Naddalin, and Nevaeh too.' Jill said earnestly.

'And of course, they didn't report a word about the Death Devours attacking you,' Emmah said.

'Someone's told them to keep that quiet also just like you to being the same or sharing bodies. That should have been a really big story out of control about the Death Devours.

They haven't even reported that you broke the International Statute of Secrecy. We thought they would, it would tie in so well with their image of you as some stupid show-off. We

think they're biding their time until you're expelled from your thrown, then they're going to go to town. I mean, if you're expelled, obviously,' she added hastily. 'You really shouldn't be, not if they abide by their laws. There's no case against you, for doing all the wishes asked of you in your power.'

They were back in the hearing room, and Naddalin didn't want to think about that. She searched for a change of subject but was saved from the necessity of finding one by the sound of footsteps coming up the stairs.

'Uh-oh.'

Anna gave her ear a melodramatic tug; there was a loud crack, and she and Katy

vanished. Seconds later, Mrs. Railie appeared in the bedroom doorway, next to the hallway.

'The meeting's over, you can come down the hall and have dinner now. Everyone's dying to see you, Naddalin. And who's left all those Dungeons outside the kitchen door?'

To night… said, Naddalin- there will be no more necromancy, and time is not going to do anything, yet I will give Nevaeh her body back. I will use all spells or magic, for my driven interventions, even make a prayer she will have a resurrection after all she is my loved one.

(Know one hear her, or believed what she whisperer.)

(The racing thoughts of Naddalin.)

Naddalin was thinking that she had all that she needs, Derrida the wishing granting like an evil genie making sacrifices happen for the family, the blood of innocents kept tears, and altering cutting of children, is the sacrificed flash. Having the stone of the soul, the rock that was always around Karly's necwasas a charm. (Karly is the great-grandchild of Nevaeh.)

The books are the memories of her life. The profanities holding the wisdom and moments of her mind kept. Going back in time like walking into the painting was Nevaeh's childhood home with the Angel Oak tree her tree of life and death, and also the resting place of her human body. Needing a leaf from

it to make the spell happen. The ashes of the fallen angel girls. Will make the Elixir of life.

(Back into the moment)

'Crookshanks!' Jill said unblushingly. 'He loves playing with them.' Along with- Dingus, then Dinkells, and then Dinky just behind.

'The cats…?’ Said, Naddalin in a dumb way.

'Mrs. Railie said, 'I thought it might have been Kreacher. He keeps doing odd things like that, after all his dating that elf-girl. Now don't forget to keep your voices down in the hall. Jill, your hands are filthy. What have you been doing? Go and wash them before dinner, please.''

Jill grimaced at the others and followed her mother out of the room, leaving Naddalin alone with Jinger and Emmah. (It tonight this will happen.) Both of them were watching her apprehensively, as though they feared she would start shouting again now that everyone else had gone. The sight of them looking so nervous made her feel slightly ashamed.

'Look,' she muttered, but Jinger shook her head, and Emmah said quietly, 'We knew you'd be angry, Naddalin. We really don't blame you, but you've got to understand that we did try to persuade Eluvius.'

'Eluvius is why your doing this…? After all he is my man- like it or not.’

'Yeah, I know,' Naddalin replied shortly.

She searched for a topic that didn't involve the headmaster because the very thought of Eluvius made Naddalin's insides burn with anger again, having to mate with a man she did not even like. I have all the power in this world yet not that one over me, needing him.

'Who's Kreacher?' She asked.

'The house-elf who lives here,' Jinger said.

'Never met one like her, she has antlers like a dear?'

'We let her stay her.’ Said, Jill.

Emmah frowned at Jinger.

'She's not a danger, she’s a kind young woman like us, Jinger.'

'Her life's ambition is to have his head cut off and stuck up on a plaque just like her master,' Jinger said irritably. 'Is that normal, to say? Said, Emmah.'

'Well, well, if she's a bit strange, it's not her fault,' Jinger rolled her eyes at Naddalin.

~*~

'Emmah still hasn't given up on S.P.E.W.'

'It's not S.P.E.W!' Emmah exclaimed dramatically. 'It's the Society for the Promotion of Elf Welfare. And it's not just me. Eluvius says we should be kind to Kreacher too and his girlfriend.'

'Okay, let's go,' Jinger said. 'I'm really hungry.' They walked out the door and onto the landing. But before they could go down the stairs, Jinger said, 'Wait!' She held out her arm to stop Naddalin and Emmah. 'I think I can still hear something in the hallway.'

The three of them looked cautiously over the banisters. The gloomy hallway below was packed with witches and wizards, including all of Naddalin's guards. Yet there was a sound of talk about Naddalin looking oddly different. They were whispering excitedly together. It was Nevaeh!

In the very center of the group, Naddalin saw the dark along the way the two of them met together, looking oddly the same, and the prominent nose of her least favorite

teacher, Professor Izor, along with Emmah then leaned further over the banisters, her curiosity piqued.

She was very interested in what Izor was doing for the proclamation of the fallen...

A thin piece of flesh-colored string descended in front of Naddalin's eyes. Looking up, she saw Crysyan and Aldama on the landing above, cautiously peeking over the railing toward the dark group of people below. A moment later, however, they all began to move towards the front door and out of sight.

'Dammit,' Naddalin heard Emmah whisper as he hoisted her lowered the ravelings of her dress back up again.

They heard the front door open, and then close.

'Lily never eats here,' Jinger told Naddalin quietly. 'Thank God.'

'Common it has to be her she is alive once more!'

'And don't forget to keep your voice down in the hall. Naddalin, said.' Emmah herded them.

As they passed the row of house-elf heads on the wall, they saw Nevaeh standing there looking at them all.

Mrs. Railie, and Honks at the front door, magically sealing its many locks and bolts behind those who had just left.

'We're eating down in the kitchen,' Mrs. Railie herded them, meeting them at the bottom of the old wooden stairs. 'Naddalin, dear, you did it, Nevaeh, if you'll just tiptoe across the hall, it's through that door there.'

CRASH!

'Honks!' Cried Mrs. Railie in exasperation, turning to look behind her.

'I'm sorry!' Wailed Honks, who was lying flat on the floor. 'It's that stupid umbrella stand. That's the second time I've tripped over it.'

But the rest of her words were drowned out by a horrible, ear-splitting, bloodcurdling screech.

The moth-eaten velvet curtains Naddalin had passed earlier had flown apart, revealing a hidden door. Behind it, a dimly lit room was bathed in an eerie, greenish glow. As the curtains parted, Naddalin saw a peculiar artifact sitting on a small pedestal in the center of the room: a shimmering sphere, pulsating with otherworldly energy.

The body of Nevaeh was moving floating without a tip-toe hitting the flower as she moved ever so slowly in the hall to the room, to meet up with her glowing crystal ball profligacy like a brain of her past mind to be placed back into her mind, pulled into her brain.

The screech came from the artifact, which seemed to be the source of the

disturbing noise, all too eager to penetrate. As Naddalin watched, the sphere began to glow brighter making now the color of blue, and strange symbols appeared on its surface looking like wild birds. A chill ran down her spine as she realized the artifact was somehow connected to the portraits on the wall. Showing moments of the past.

Suddenly, the portraits came to life, their eyes blazing with a sinister light of gold. They began to scream and writhe, their faces contorted in agony. Naddalin and the others backed away in horror, their hearts pounding in their chests.

As the chaos unfolded, Naddalin couldn't help but feel a sense of dread looking at this old home, the railroad next, and the smell of

the fields and the barn. She knew that whatever was happening, was connected to the artifact in the hidden room. And she was determined to uncover the truth.

Naddalin shuddered as her godmother, Mrs. Railie, shrieked, 'Filth! Scum! Is what she is FROM!’ Begone from this house!' Her words echoed through the ancient manor, a relic of a bygone era. A towering troll, its leg entangled in a rug, stood motionless, its presence a stark contrast to the delicate decor.

Honks, a young witch with a heart of gold, apologized profusely, tugging at the troll's leg. Mrs. Railie, her face contorted in fear, stumbled through the hall, her wand waving wildly, accidentally stunning a series of family portraits.

A door slammed open, and a man with long, flowing black hair burst into the room. 'Shut up, you horrible old hag!' He roared, snatching the curtain Mrs. Railie had been attempting to close.

The old woman's face paled. 'You!' She gasped, her eyes widening in shock. 'Blood traitor, abomination, shame of my flesh!'

'I said shut up!' The man bellowed, and with a Herculean effort, he and Nevaeh managed to force the curtains closed again. Mrs. Railie's screams faded, replaced by an eerie silence.

'She is back!’ He said.

Panting slightly and brushing her long dark hair from her eyes, Naddalin's godfather,

Trirus, turned to face her. 'Hello, Naddalin,' he said grimly, and hello Nevaeh, it's nice to see my other step-child. 'I see you've met my mother.'

'Your what?' Naddalin stammered, her eyes wide with confusion.

'My dear old mum, yeah,' Trirus replied. 'We've been trying to get her down for a month, but we think she might have put an enduring sticking charm on the back of the canvas.' He gestured towards the portrait of the shrieking woman in the background asking for her child to come back to her, after death, yet nothing could be done. The new graveyard was next to the home forever. 'Let's get downstairs, quick, before they all wake up again.'

'But what's a portrait of your mother doing here?' Naddalin asked, bewildered as they exited the hall and descended a narrow staircase, the portraits following them silently. Showing that after Nevaeh’s death, this woman did care about her.

'Hasn't anyone told you?' Trirus asked, his voice laced with bitterness. 'This was my parents' house, long before your grandmother took it over. But I'm the last Black left, so it's mine now, and I give it to you identical girls. I offered it to Eluvius for headquarters- of your safety on Earth when you go back in time, the only useful thing I've been able to do.'

Naddalin, who had expected a warmer welcome, noticed the sadness and resentment in Trirus's tone. She followed her step-father

to the bottom of the stairs and through a door leading into the basement kitchen.

The kitchen was as gloomy as the hall above, a cavernous space with rough stone walls and orange glowing wall lamps. A large fire crackled at the far end of the room, casting dancing shadows on the heavy iron pots and pans hanging from the ceiling. Several chairs were scattered around, and a long wooden table stood in the center, littered with parchment, goblets, and empty wine bottles. Mr. Railie and his eldest daughter, Sarah, were talking quietly at one end of the table.

Mrs. Railie cleared her throat. Her husband, a thin, balding, red-haired man with

horn-rimmed glasses, looked up and jumped to his feet.

'Naddalin!' Mr. Railie exclaimed, hurrying forward to greet her and shaking her hand vigorously. 'Good to see you!'

Over her shoulder, Naddalin saw Sarah, who still wore her long hair in a ponytail, hastily rolling up several scrolls of parchment.

'Journey all right, Naddalin?' Sarah called, struggling to gather the scrolls.

Honks replied, striding over to help Sara and accidentally knocking over a candle onto the last piece of parchment. 'Oh no, sorry!'

'There, dear,' Mrs. Railie said, sounding exasperated, and with a wave of her wand, she repaired the parchment. In the flash of light,

Naddalin caught a glimpse of what appeared to be the plan of a building.

Mrs. Railie noticed her looking. She snatched the plan from the table and stuffed it into Sarah's already overloaded arms. 'Such things ought to be cleared away promptly at the end of meetings,' she snapped before sweeping off towards an ancient dresser to unload dinner plates.

Then at that moment, Sara took out her wand, muttered 'Evanesco!' and the scrolls vanished.

'Sit down, Naddalin,' Trirus said. 'You've met Humungous, haven't you?'

The thing Naddalin had mistaken for a pile of rags gave a prolonged, snorting snore and then jerked awake.

'Someone say my name?' Humungous mumbled sleepily. 'I agree with Trirus...' He raised a very dirty hand in the air as if voting, his sagging, bloodshot eyes out of focus.

Jill giggled.

Part:

A Father's love.

Titus Black had never quite gotten used to the odd glances he received whenever he was seen with the girls. Naddalin, Nevaeh, and Lily were triplets, identical in every way, save for the subtle differences in their personalities.

And while he was their biological father, the world seemed determined to forget that.

It was their mother, Sarah, who had given birth to them. He had met her when she was already pregnant, a chance encounter that had changed his life. Sarah had been a kind, gentle soul, and her love for him had been unwavering. When the girls arrived, he had been overjoyed.

But tragedy struck when Sarah passed away, leaving Titus as the sole guardian of the girls. The world had been unkind, whispering about the girls' resemblance to him and suggesting the impossible. Titus had ignored

the gossip, his heart filled with love for his daughters.

He saw himself in them, in their laughter, their curiosity, and their determination. He had vowed to protect them, to be the father they needed, even if it meant facing the judgment of others. Titus had raised the girls with love, patience, and a sense of adventure. They had grown into beautiful young women, their spirits as bright as their identical faces.

And so, Titus Black continued to watch over his daughters, his love for them as unwavering as the stars in the night sky. He knew that the world might never understand their unique bond, but it didn't matter. He had them, and that was all that mattered.

The next day, they approached Derrida's cabin and knocked. There was a long pause before the door creaked open. Derrida peered out, her face pale and trembling.

'It's us,' Nevaeh, stepping forward into the light. 'We're wearing the a full length cloak. Let us in, and we can take it off.'

'You shouldn't have come!' Derrida protested, but they pushed past her and entered. Derrida quickly closed the door behind them as Naddalin removed the cloak.

Derrida wasn't crying, but her face was a mask of despair. She looked lost as if she didn't know what to do. Her helplessness was worse than tears.

'Want some tea?' she offered, her hands shaking as she reached for the kettle.

'Theresa, Becca, Derrida?' Emma asked hesitantly.

'I... I took her outside,' Derrida replied, spilling milk on the table as she filled the jug. 'The working slave's children are tied up in my pumpkin patch.'

I thought they should see the trees and smell the fresh air before...'

'What are you talking about?' Naddalin demanded, looking around at the others. They were all regarding her warily.

'Haven't you been reading the daily paper?' Emma asked nervously.

'Yeah, I have,' Naddalin and NAevaeh replied.

'Have you been reading it thoroughly?' Emma asked, more anxiously.

'Not cover to cover,' Naddalin and Nevaeh said defensively at the same time. 'If they were going to report anything about Ava past life and your step-sisters, it would be headline news, wouldn't it?'

The others flinched at the mention of the name. Emma hurried on, 'Well, you'd need to read it cover to cover to pick it up. They mention you a couple of times a week.'

'But I would have seen it.'

'Not if you've only been reading the front page,' Emma said, shaking her head. 'I'm not

talking about big articles. They just slip it in, like you're a standing joke.'

'What do you mean?'

'It's quite nasty, actually,' Emma said in a forced calm. 'They're just building on Vita's stuff.'

'But she's not writing for them anymore, is she?'

'Oh, no, she's kept her promise not to write about Savannah,' Emma added with satisfaction. 'But she laid the foundation for what they're trying to do now.'

'Which is what?' Naddalin asked impatiently.

'Okay, you know she wrote that you were collapsing all over the place and saying your scar was hurting and all that?'

'Yeah,' Naddalin replied, not likely to forget Vita Skeeter's stories about her in a hurry.

'Well, they're writing about you as if you're a deluded, attention-seeking girl who thinks she's a great tragic heroine or something,' Emma said, very fast, as if it would be less unpleasant for Naddalin to hear these facts quickly. 'They keep slipping in snide comments about you. If some far-fetched story appears, they say something like, 'A tale worthy of Naddalin,' and if anyone has a witty misfortune or anything, it's, 'Let's hope she

hasn't got a imperfection to the reason or we'll be asked to worship her next.''

'I don't want anyone to worship me,' Naddalin began hotly.

'I know you don't,' Emma said quickly, looking frightened. 'I know, Naddalin. But you see what they're doing? They want to turn you into someone nobody will believe. Fudge is behind it, I'll bet anything. They want wizards on the street to think you're just some stupid girl who's a bit of a joke, who tells ridiculous tall stories because she loves being famous and wants to keep it going.'

'I didn't ask for Ava to be killed!' Naddalin spluttered. 'I got famous because they murdered my family but couldn't kill me!

Who wants to be famous for that? Don't they think I'd rather it had never happened?'

'We know, Naddalin,' Jill said earnestly.

'And of course, they didn't report a word about the death devours attacking you,' Emma said.

'Someone's told them to keep that quiet. That should have been a really big story, out-of-control death, and the death devours.

They haven't even reported that you broke the multinational regulation of mysteriousness. We thought they would, it would tie in so well with their image of you as some stupid show-off. We think they're biding their time until you're expelled, then they're

going to go to town. I mean, if you're expelled, obviously,' she went on hastily.

'Journey all right, Naddalin?' Sarah inquired, struggling to gather twelve scrolls at once.

' Anya Petrova didn't make you fly all the way from Iceland, did she?'

Anya is a petite woman with striking violet eyes and long, flowing auburn hair. She has a delicate frame, but her eyes hold a certain intensity that belies her appearance.

Anya is a quiet observer, often lost in her thoughts. She is gentle and compassionate but also possesses a deep sense of curiosity. She has a unique ability to see through

people's facades, often noticing things that others overlook.

Anya grew up in a small, rural town where she was the only child. She spent much of her childhood exploring the surrounding forests and fields, developing a deep connection with nature. As she grew older, Anya became fascinated with psychology and human behavior, leading her to pursue a degree in the field.

While walking through a local park one evening, Anya made eye contact with a man sitting on a bench. His eyes were wide and unfocused, and he was muttering to himself. Anya felt an inexplicable draw to him, and she approached him cautiously. As she got closer, she heard him mumbling about voices in his

head and the end of the world. Anya was both frightened and intrigued, and she continued to observe him from a distance.

The encounter with the man left a lasting impression on Anya. She began to question her perceptions of reality and the nature of mental illness. The incident also sparked a desire to help others who were struggling with similar issues.

'He tried,' Honks replied, striding over to help Sarah and accidentally knocking a candle onto the last parchment.

Honks, a grizzled old man with a perpetually furrowed brow, was a fixture in the small town of Willow Creek. His weathered face told tales of countless winters spent

battling the biting cold and of summers toiling in the fields. He was known for his gruff demeanor and his love of solitude, but beneath his rough exterior lay a heart of gold.

His youth was marked by tragedy. At a young age, he lost his parents in a devastating fire that ravaged their homestead. Left to fend for himself, Honks learned the harsh realities of life early on. He worked tirelessly on neighboring farms, earning meager wages that barely kept him fed and clothed. Despite the hardships, Honks developed a deep-rooted connection to the land. He found solace in the rhythm of the seasons and the quiet beauty of nature.

As the years passed, Honks became a skilled farmer. He owned a modest plot of land

on the outskirts of Willow Creek, where he grew crops and raised livestock. His reputation as a hardworking and reliable man spread throughout the community. However, Honks remained a solitary figure, preferring the company of his animals to that of people.

His solitude was punctuated by occasional visits from his niece, Sarah, a bright and cheerful young woman who often brought a ray of sunshine into his life. Sarah was the only family he had left, and he cared for her deeply. Although they had different personalities, they shared a love of the land and a deep respect for tradition.

'Oh no, sorry!'

'There, dear,' Mrs. Railie said exasperatedly, repairing the parchment with a wave of her wand. In the flash of light from the spell, Naddalin caught a glimpse of what appeared to be a building blueprint.

Mrs. Railie saw her looking. She snatched the blueprint off the table and shoved it into Sarah's already overloaded arms.

'Such things should be cleared away promptly after meetings,' she snapped, before walking away to an ancient dresser to begin unloading dinner plates.

Sarah took out her wand, muttered 'Evanesco!' and the scrolls vanished.

'Sit down, Naddalin,' Trirus said. 'You've met Humungous, haven't you?'

The creature Naddalin had assumed was a pile of rags let out a prolonged, grunting snore, then jerked awake.

'Someone say my name?' Humungous mumbled sleepily. 'I agree with Trirus...' He raised a very grubby hand in the air as if voting, his droopy, bloodshot eyes unfocused.

Jill giggled.

'The meeting's over, Dung,' Trirus said as everyone sat down around her at the table. 'Naddalin's arrived.'

'Eh?' Humungous said, peering balefully at Naddalin through his matted ginger hair. 'Joannah, is it? Yeah... you all right?'

'Yeah,' Naddalin replied.

Humungous fumbled nervously in his pockets, still staring at Naddalin, and pulled out a grimy black pipe. He stuck it in his mouth, ignited the end of it with his wand, and took a deep pull. Great swirling clouds of greenish smoke obscured him within seconds.

'Owe you an apology,' grunted a voice from the middle of the smelly cloud.

'For the last time, Humungous,' Mrs. Railie called. 'Will you please not smoke that thing in the kitchen, especially not when we're about to eat!'

'Ah,' Humungous said. 'Right. Sorry, Molly.'

The cloud of smoke dissipated as Humungous stowed his pipe back in his pocket, but an acrid smell of burning socks lingered.

'And if you want dinner before midnight, I'll need some help,' Mrs. Railie said to the room at large.

Mrs. Railie was a mother like no other. Her love for her children, Tommy and Lily, was as fierce as a lion's and as tender as a dove's. She was known throughout the neighborhood for her overprotective nature, but those who knew her best understood it was rooted in a deep, abiding love.

Mrs. Railie would often be seen hovering over her children, ensuring their safety at

every turn. She'd check their lunches for allergens, inspect their backpacks for sharp objects, and insist on knowing the whereabouts of every friend they played with. To some, it might have seemed excessive, but to her, it was simply a mother's duty.

She'd often recount stories of childhood dangers she'd faced, painting vivid pictures of boogeymen lurking under beds and poisonous spiders hiding in bushes. Her children would listen with wide eyes, their imaginations running wild. While they sometimes found her warnings a bit over the top, they also knew she did it out of love.

Despite her overprotective tendencies, Mrs. Railie was also a loving and supportive mother. She'd attend every school play, soccer

game, and dance recital, cheering her children on with all her heart. She'd offer advice, lend a listening ear, and be there for them no matter what.

And so, Mrs. Railie's overprotective nature, while sometimes a source of amusement for others, was a testament to her unwavering love for her children. She was a mother who would do anything to keep them safe, a guardian angel watching over them with a watchful eye.

Part:

Humungous, is the gentle giant.

Humungous, despite his intimidating size, was a gentle soul. Born with a condition that caused him to grow at an extraordinary

rate, he had always felt like an outsider. People were often frightened of him, assuming his large frame meant he was dangerous. But nothing could be further from the truth.

Humungous loved animals and often spent his days tending to the local farm. He had a particular affinity for horses, finding solace in their quiet companionship. His gentle nature and gentle touch often calmed even the most skittish of steeds.

Despite his gentle disposition, Humungous was also fiercely protective of his friends and family. He had a deep-seated desire to keep those he loved safe and would do anything to ensure their well-being. His strength was a source of comfort to many in

the community, who knew they could always count on him in times of need.

'No, you can stay where you are, Naddalin dear. You've had a long journey.'

'What can I do, Molly?' Honks asked enthusiastically, bounding forward.

Mrs. Railie hesitated, looking apprehensive.

'Er no, it's all right, Honks. You have a rest too. You've done enough today.'

'No, no, I want to help!' Honks said brightly, knocking over a chair as she hurried toward the dresser, from which Jill was collecting cutlery.

Soon, a series of heavy knives were chopping meat and vegetables on their own accord, supervised by Mr. Railie, while Mrs. Railie stirred a cauldron dangling over the fire and the others took out plates, more goblets, and food from the pantry. Naddalin was left at the table with Trirus and Humungous, who was still blinking at her mournfully.

'Seen old zingy since?' He asked.

'No,' Naddalin said.

In the realm of the town of Eldora, where magic intertwined with the fabric of reality, Sarah was no ordinary girl. She possessed a unique gift, a power that set her apart from others. Known as a 'Weaver of Souls,' Sarah could alter the very essence of a

person, shaping their destinies and molding their personalities.

This power was not a gift bestowed upon her lightly. Sarah's lineage is traced back to a forgotten order of mystics, guardians of the realm's delicate balance. Their task was to ensure that the souls of the town of Eldoria remained pure and true to their intended paths.

However, the realm was not always harmonious. Sometimes, souls became corrupted, straying from their destined course. When this happened, it was Sarah's duty to intervene. She would use her magic to reprogram these wayward souls, guiding them back onto the correct path.

The process was delicate, requiring precision and a deep understanding of the human psyche. Sarah would often spend hours meditating, connecting with the soul she needed to mend. Once she had established a connection, she would gently guide the soul, correcting any deviations and restoring its original purpose.

It was a lonely task, filled with immense responsibility. Sarah often felt a weight upon her shoulders, knowing that the fate of countless souls rested in her hands. Yet, she persevered, driven by her unwavering belief in the power of magic and the importance of maintaining the delicate balance of the town of Eldora.

Part:

A Tale of Tralanay the Tarot Card Seer,

In the quaint, mist-shrouded quaint village of Willow Creek, nestled midst rolling hills and ancient oak forests, lived a woman of extraordinary gifts: Professor Tralanay, who teaches at the castle school for girls. Known throughout the land for her uncanny ability to read the future through the swirling depths of crystal balls and the enigmatic symbols etched upon her magical tart cards, Tralanay was a beacon of wisdom and guidance.

Legend has it that Tralanay's powers were awakened during a fateful encounter with a wise old hermit who lived in a secluded cottage deep within the woods. The hermit, sensing her potential, gifted Tralanay with a set of tart cards, each adorned with intricate

symbols and patterns that seemed to shimmer with an otherworldly light. He also taught her the ancient art of crystal ball gazing, revealing to her the secrets of the cosmos and the interconnected of all things.

As word of Tralanay's abilities spread, people from far and wide sought her counsel. The tart cards, with their sweet and tangy aromas, were said to have a calming effect on the mind, preparing the seeker for the revelations that would follow. Some claimed that the cards could even predict the outcome of future love affairs, career paths, and personal challenges.

In the quiet of her cottage, surrounded by the comforting glow of candles and the gentle ticking of a grandfather clock, Tralanay

would peer into the depths of her crystal ball, her eyes reflecting the swirling colors and images that emerged from the depths. With a gentle voice, she would interpret the visions, offering guidance and encouragement to those who sought her wisdom.

Tralanay's reputation as a seer extended beyond the boundaries of Willow Creek. Kings and queens, scholars and merchants, all sought her counsel, drawn to her unwavering honesty and the profound insights she offered. Yet, despite her fame and fortune, Tralanay remained humble and dedicated to her craft, always striving to use her gifts for the benefit of others.

Part:

Derrida, the magical regulator.

In the realm of the Chosen Children, where magic intertwined with the fabric of existence, there was a need for a guardian, a force to ensure that the delicate balance between the magical and the mundane was maintained. This role fell to Derrida, a woman of extraordinary power and unwavering resolve.

Derrida's origins were shrouded in mystery, her existence seemingly tied to the very foundation of the magical world. Some believed she was born from the first spark of magic itself, while others whispered tales of her being an ancient spirit summoned to protect the realm from chaos. Regardless of her true origins, Derrida possessed a unique

ability to manipulate magic on a fundamental level, capable of shaping it, controlling it, and even suppressing it entirely.

As the magical regulator, Derrida's primary duty was to oversee the magical religions that existed within the Chosen Children's world. These religions, while diverse in their beliefs and practices, all relied on magic to connect their followers to the divine. Derrida's role was to ensure that these religions remained aligned with the natural order of things, preventing the misuse of magic from causing harm or imbalance.

Derrida's authority was absolute. She could intervene in religious ceremonies, alter magical rituals, or even revoke the magical abilities of individuals who posed a threat to

the stability of the realm. However, she exercised her power with great care, always striving to maintain a delicate balance between regulation and freedom.

In times of crisis, Derrida would emerge from her secluded sanctuary to confront the forces of darkness. Whether it was a rogue sorcerer seeking to unleash forbidden magic or a malevolent deity threatening to disrupt the harmony of the world, Derrida would stand as a resolute defender, her power a beacon of hope in the face of despair.

Part:

Derrida, the guardian of the threshold.

Derrida was no ordinary girl. She was a guardian of the young girls, a sentinel tasked

with watching over the young women of her village and other lands alike as they transitioned from childhood to womanhood, with her hands of the need of alterations to keep them pour. In a world where magic was as commonplace as the air they breathed, Derrida's role was a sacred one, steeped in ancient rituals and mystical lore.

Her village, nestled midst towering mountains and whispering forests, was a place where the old ways still held sway. It was here that young women, upon reaching a certain age, would undergo a series of trials to prove their readiness for the responsibilities of adulthood. Derrida, with her piercing blue eyes and a heart as pure as the mountain streams, would guide them through these

trials, offering both support and stern guidance.

The trials were no mere games. They tested the girls' courage, wisdom, and compassion. They had to face mythical creatures, solve ancient riddles, and navigate treacherous terrain. Derrida was always by their side, offering advice, lending a hand, and sometimes even casting spells to protect them from harm.

But Derrida's role was more than just a guide. She was a mentor, a confidante, and a mother figure. She listened to their hopes and fears, their dreams and aspirations. She taught them the importance of respect, honor, and kindness. And she instilled in them a deep sense of their worth.

Yet, Derrida's task was not without its challenges. Sometimes, the trials were too demanding, pushing the girls to their limits. There were times when Derrida questioned the wisdom of these ancient traditions of the past world of religions, magical faith, wondering if they were truly necessary. But she knew that her people had followed these ways for centuries and that there must be a reason.

So, Derrida continued her vigil, watching over the young women of her village as they grew into strong, independent women. She was their guardian, their protector, their angel. And she would continue to be so, for as long as there were girls who needed her guidance.

The transition of young women into adulthood. is nothing more than religions traditions: In a small village, the air was filled with the sweet scent of jasmine flowers and the sound of traditional music. It was a special day for all the young girls who had just turned 13. Today, they would undergo the Ritu Kala Samskara, a coming-of-age ceremony that in this world is held, that celebrates a girl’s first menstruation.

Nevaeh’s family had been preparing for this day for weeks.

Derrida the guardian mother for all had decorated the house with colorful rangoli patterns and hung garlands of marigolds at the entrance. Inside, the women of the village

gathered, dressed in their finest saris, their bangles clinking softly as they moved.

The ceremony began with a ritual bath for all girls, symbolizing purification and the transition from girlhood to womanhood. All were dressed in a beautiful silk sari, when in the past that were noting, or white rods, a gift from Nevaeh as if they were all her grand-babies. As she stepped into the main hall, the women sang songs of praise and showered her with blessings and gifts, many of them green to symbolize fertility.

The village priest recited sacred mantras, invoking the blessings of the Gods for health, happiness, and prosperity. The guardian mother placed a bindi on her forehead, a mark of her new status as a young

woman. The ceremony concluded with a feast, where everyone in the village came together to celebrate.

As the sun sets, all the girls sit with their friends, feeling a mix of excitement and nervousness about the future. They knew that this ceremony was not just a celebration but also a reminder of the responsibilities that came with growing up. But surrounded by the love and support of her family and community, they all felt ready to embrace this new chapter in her life, as Nevaeh did in her story after her womanhood came, at the age of 7 years.

The procedure is usually performed on girls around the age of six or seven. Deep-rooted cultural and religious beliefs of the family. The removal of the labia minora to the

size of 1.5 centimeters all the way around, with or without excision of the labia majora.

The practice is rooted in cultural and religious beliefs within the community. It is seen as a rite of passage and a means of ensuring religious purity. In the quiet village, where the whispers of the wind carried ancient tales, there stood a girl on the brink of womanhood. Her name was Derrida, and she was chosen to be the guardian of the passage, the angel who would guide others through the sacred journey of becoming.

As the ceremony ended, the villagers felt a renewed sense of unity and hope. They believed that as long as they honored the loss of of a part of their body not needed, and the Moon let the one and only Angle Oak Tree

were all severed the flesh was buried together, their village would thrive under her watchful gaze.

The tree, with its leaves shimmering in the twilight, was believed to be the dwelling place, for the making of a fallen angel woman.

In the heart of an ancient, forgotten forest, there stood a towering oak tree, transplant that was once a seed, from Nevaeh’s home land. Its gnarled branches reached towards the heavens, its roots delved deep into the earth, drawing sustenance from the very core of the world. But this was no ordinary oak. It was said to be the dwelling place of the fallen angel, Azrael or also known on earth as Amsel’s.

Legend whispered that when Azrael family descended from the heavens, he sought a place of refuge, a place where he could hide from the wrath of the Divine. They found it in this ancient oak, a tree that had stood for centuries, a silent witness to the ebb and flow of life.

The tree, infused with Azrael's fallen essence, became a place of power. Its leaves, once a vibrant green, now shimmered with an eerie, otherworldly glow. Its bark, rough and textured, seemed to pulse with an unseen energy. And its roots, delving deep into the ground, tapped into a hidden current of dark magic were her earth body was next.

Those who dared to approach the tree were said to feel a strange sensation, a

tingling in their skin and a sense of unease. Some claimed to hear whispers in the wind, voices that spoke of forbidden knowledge and forbidden power. Others reported strange visions, glimpses of a world beyond their understanding.

And so, the tree became a place of both fear and fascination. Some sought its power, hoping to harness it for their own ends. Others feared its dark influence, believing it to be a harbinger of evil, and good faith alike. But all agreed that the tree held a secret, a secret that was as ancient as the forest itself that was nothing like this tree.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting a golden glow over the fields, Derrida gathered the younger girls around her. Her

eyes, filled with wisdom beyond her years, sparkled with the promise of new beginnings. She spoke softly, her voice a melody that danced on the evening breeze.

'Each of you,' she began, 'is a star in the vast sky, destined to shine in your own unique way. This journey you are about to embark on is not just a physical transformation, but a spiritual awakening. You will learn to embrace your strength, your beauty, and your inner light.'

Derrida led them to a sacred grove, where the ancient trees stood as silent witnesses to countless rites of passage. There, she performed the rituals with grace and reverence, anointing each girl with fragrant oils and adorning them with delicate flowers.

She whispered blessings into their ears, words of encouragement and love.

'You are the keepers of our traditions,' she said, 'the bearers of our hopes and dreams. As you step into womanhood, remember that you are never alone. We are all connected do to this moment here, bound by the threads of our shared heritage and the strength of our sisterhood.'

Under the canopy of stars, the girls felt a profound sense of belonging and purpose. They looked to Derrida, their angel of the passage, with gratitude and admiration. She had shown them that this journey was not one of fear but of empowerment and joy.

And so, with hearts full of courage and spirits lifted high, they embraced their new roles, ready to shine brightly in the tapestry of life.

~*~

Nevertheless, isn’t there anything anyone can do to make them more ready to be whom they were meant to be, Derrida? And Naddalin, and Nevaeh asked fiercely keep them all safe, Duerre was sitting down next to them.

-And-

Thees girls tried so hard, said Derrida. And thees young woman now have got no power to overrule the committee, at this point, the are free to live out their afterlife.

We told them about Becky everything is all right,

How she was so scared, about everything.

Yeah know what Adriana Lucius, Mollie Mallerie’s like… also feel some moments of fear about this change. Threatening them is not how to do this, I expect… an’ the executioner, Inna Mackinac is the only one that is going to the executioner, she has not stopped crying. There is an old saying- about this… 'For those that cry, about why, they die.’ Derrida wrote this law in the time of the first songs, that the first text, of the wishes of the fallen angels. For the ash of this angel, there is new life, for us all.

Mallerie was on this list for tonight yet she has to many gifts to take… but it'll be quick an' clean, in saying this may change before the end of the night.

'And I'll be beside her, when this takes place to see the color leave her innocent eyes, thank you for that gift.' said, Derrida.

Derrida swallowed. Her eyes where darting all over the cabin as though looking for some shred of hope or comfort.

-And-

Kids Innocent, but scared! And child over this needs to not live. And If Ava's supporters would be after me, it was because, of them this all had to happen, I put one of there women in Disneyland to fight lets say in

war they would be dead in a moment, and I was the spy make sure my teaching was right, yet if this was Trirus Black, himself he would kill them all, for the other side to keep away from his little step-girls, yet has no regards for anyone's children.

-And-

Then at that moment at that time, Black's face contorted, saying Nevaeh is the girl that existed and she will live on forever.

And how dare you, now these girls start flying and even get horses, and gifts for this moment of pain.

To see if the if the ceremony had taken place. Sounding them all suddenly looking like dog- like wolf, spying it was Ava with all the

wicked minds of her Granddaughter and Granddad running in her thoughts of judgments, as wolf-dog Ava’s K-9 teeth dripped with foaminess as the executioner, killed two 7 year old lives.

When did I ever sneak around people who where stringers said Ava.

Ava- 'Its even more powerful to think that we all got this soft and genital, to these fallen kids that will never be anything but wastes of life. Due to their past life choices, and the choices they made here. Thus its our choices to have them now made to be ashes, used for their life, soul, to give back were not full evil, when all they did was take by crying. And its my side of things to keep the past religions kept.’

Derrida- 'But you, Ava - I'll never understand- why, I didn't see you where you are a life more then a wolf-dog spying on the innocent from the- start, you have lost. You always liked big friends who'd look after you, didn't you? It used to be us, you and I. And Alyssa, was the love of my life… This is what I got- for choosing to do the right thing. Over you two making my life… a living hell.'

Naddalin then at that moment wiped she face; and was almost panting for breath. Nevaeh was oddly quite in that moment. 'And for me, I am nothing more then a spy… to do your dirty work.' Said Naddalin. Never… ever… must be out of your mind. To think I only want you all to do this for me, that is so selfish. Whisper Nevaeh.

Do not know how you can say such a thing.

'I can not believe you could say that look what I had to do mutilation, sluttier, dismemberment's, and cremations, everything I was agent in life for what I thought was right in a life that has passed on.’ Spoke, Derrida.

-And-

Nevaeh- Lily and Alyssa only made you keeper of these secrets, because, I suggested this for you to do; and so Emmah could have a working paying job.

And Black hissed showing his teeth, so venomously that Derrida took a two steps backward.

Likewise, I thought it was the perfect plan; that both families have came up with, doing this is honer, respectful, and classiness, to our youth. Said black.

'A bluff… for blood, and the love of the flavor for killing kids.’ Said, Derrida.

Ava would be sure to come after me, if I would not have done this tonight. And at this time- their ashes are mixed in this one single little hour-glass, everything else that was them, body, mind, life, soul, was given back to the stars above. Derrida yelled. (Her face, and body still splatter with innocent youthful blood, her hands dripping with their small still beating heart in her hands.) Would never dream, its asked of me to show this to you all

until they stop, just over tears, fear, and distrust.

'Lies, like us 'all' right?' Said, Naddalin.

'That is why, I made this world.' Said, Nevaeh.

'Yet still have our family contorting everything.' Said, Lily.

'These girls names will never be remember or spoke of after this moment.'

(Derrida dagger blade slashed both beating hearts.)

Derrida- 'Salvation, is NOT for you.'

Part:

You all are weak and life not for everyone, tactlessness is a thing like you. It

must have been shame that was your being, the finest of your remembrance is this moment now in your beating hart translated, of your miserable life, telling Ava you could hand her these now, to take back to her family of animals. I do not fear them or her.

-Then-

'Shame- like embarrassment is not in my vocabulary. It’s a sign of re-tard-a-tion’s.’ Said Nevaeh.

'Ha!’

Emmah was muttering distractedly about that statement; Naddalin caught words like a spear hitting the kill. Candidacy, for the truth…!

And Duerre’s gonna come down her and start with laws, while it freedom to say whats on your mind don’t come down to their level.

'While it happens, write your thoughts to be kept for documentations.’ Said Emmah.

…?…

'Uh-hum.’ She morning.

Emmah- 'I got to know these kids, everything is documented- by me.’

'Great woman, here… with Emmah- death, dumb, and blind.’ Said, Duerre.

Emmah, who then had been rummaging in Derrida’s cupboard for another milk jug, let out a small, quickly stifled sobbed. She would- straightened up with the new jug in her hands,

fighting back tears. And she- couldn’t help paying more attention to her own weakness the color of Nevaeh, face and the- way her eyes continued to dart toward the window and room door.

And Professor Tralanay? Said Emmah timidly. And can I say something- at this moment?

-And-

Nevertheless, Emmah, said Tralanay- 'courteously its all over and life has another day. We move on like it or not, and some do not. Its all about time, and life, and after life; and all things have death.’

And We will stay with you too, Derrida, And she would- began to grow up, but Derrida shook her blood covered shaggy hair head.

Naddalin, Jinger, and Derrida whipped around the room around Emmah. A group of women was walking down the distant castle steps, 'you best stop this now or your going to end tonight also.’

In front was Duerre, a silver dagger gleaming in the dying sun light from the window behind. Next to her trotted Father Joel. Behind them came the feeble old Committee member and the former executioner, Jessica Mackinac.

Emmah- And well Tralanay, I mean like- she is a woman, sleeping all the time. If she is

working, you-known, I would be amassed, that she has any worth, how come she never tried to hurt Naddalin before now, about this? Crazy…? And I the hunted for being crazy for, feelings and documentations. She been staying in Naddalin’s dormitory for four years.

-And-

(That night)

Waking down the hall, to the room of Trirus- 'it’s me… it’s Nevaeh… your friend… your step-child.’ You wouldn’t, be my true dad?

Black looking blank and time out, and Nevaeh recoiled.

'There’s enough filth on my robes without you touching them, to give to you.' Said Black.

'Dad!' I do not care, Nevaeh squeaked, turning to him instead and looking deep into his eyes, writhing imploringly in front of her. 'You don’t believe this, wouldn’t Trirus have told you about his change of plans at your both to let you, have a dad that was best for your life?' We are both your dad, in away.

'Not if she thought I was the spying to find out, said Nevaeh.'

'I assume that’s why you didn’t tell me, Trirus?' He said casually over Nevaeh’s head.

'Forgive me, both my life was not at that time ready for all you girls,' Said Black.

Even now I am dirty, and not clean, and have moments were I am jailed, and was even made crazy.

'Not at all, the right foot, old friend for you to call your daddy,' who was now rolling up his one ripped, sleeves. 'And will you, in turn, forgive me for believing you were worth passing on?'

'Of course,' said Black, a ghost of a grin flitting across his gaunt face. He, too, began rolling up his sleeves once more. 'Shall we kill her together?'

'Kill who?’

'Yes, I think so,' She said grimly.

Ava must be killed to save us.

Nevaeh had fallen to her knees as though Naddalin’s nod had been her own death sentence. She shuffled forward on her knees, groveling, her hands clasped in front of her as though praying.

Nevaeh- 'this is the moment, I find my true meaning. And my own, life, name and identity.’

Part:

(Ava’s flashback)

Silent tears were now streaming down Emmah’s face, but she hid them from Derrida, who was bustling around making tea. Then, as she picked up the milk bottle to pour some into the jug, she let out a shriek.

'You wouldn’t… you won’t…' gasped Nevaeh. She scrambled around to Jinger. 'Jinger… haven’t I been a good friend… a good pet said Ava? You won’t let them kill me, Jinger, will you… you’re on my side, aren’t you?'

But Jinger was staring at Nevaeh with utmost revulsion.

'I let you sleep in my bed! As my sisters Amy’s dog… Buttons.' She said.

'Kind girl… your not a master…' Nevaeh crawled toward Jinger. 'You won’t let them do it… I was your dog… I was a good pet dog.'

I remember when said Ava, on a day that I was born, as your pet.' A cold and lonely day, in an old run-down barn, that was

completely in the country parts of this old town; in the land of many hay-fields in a barn, I slowly opened my eyes to see the world that was before me. I came to realize that I was not alone. There were others all around me called dogs.

What I am a dog, this is given life after life? They all looked the same as me… yet what am I? Am- I one of these… doggies, the showed things called people, boys, or girls around me, some young some old yet what does that mean?

I do not get it, yet I was just born into this world- I will age and come to know it all as most do. If you read, you will learn like I!

All of us around what I, them, and they, recognize as my mother and dad, and them as people, like the little boys and girls that pick me up to hold me, and I kiss them back. Oh, the night was so unkind cold, and windy, but being with my siblings was divine, at this time, I did not know what I would find, that would change in time.

Play is all I want to do; it is something I just learned how to do. Like- rollover sniff a butt, lick your face, and run, or stay in one place, sit and NO- barking. Whatever that one is…?

Oh, playing it is time to find all the entirely new things around me and them and us all, as met my brothers named Gus and Russ, and my two sisters named Jill and Lill.

Millie, Tillie, Nillie, and Willie are all there looking out of the box with me at some point, at night, we see nothing but the barn glowing light, nothing but golden hay insight, by mom feel exactly right.

The children, now gone home leaving us alone to sleep something I learn how to do- as my eyes got heavy and I blacked out not meaning to, and now they have human families of their own, I learned that too, so maybe do I. The barn is red, said Ed, and the door is brown, like the road going surly to the town, I learned today how to make a new sound. Grr! I learned to chew too! I did not have a clue; it was something all new. See the yellow moon, and the sun, something I learned yesterday will be coming up soon.

See the old wooden fence, over there and here, the green trees standing tall, do you see them all? Do you see all the snow on the ground, something I learn today pawing around, digging for something to be found, what I am not sure, it is something I never-ever did before, what was it…? I do not know?

Nevertheless, I want and need more, it is necessary, as I look at Russ, doing the same, playing the little puppy game, in the snow and the rain. I gut bit and learn pain… isn't that a shame? The thing in my life was changing so fast, oh was it not what you would call a blast? I found out by overhearing them all say, that: Gus lives with a boy who took him home on a school bus, Russ all made a fuss, about Russ, he left us to a little girl that took him far away

on some touring train in the pouring down rain- in Spain. Do you know where that is, I do not know you? Do you have family photos in frames…?

I do not but I wash I did, like this one taking off a girl and my brother Sed. Jill and Lill, unlike Bill, found a new home on a big hill in a house with a mouse. They say something else… I would not know.

'Leaving my Family' It is common for puppies to leave their mother after the first five weeks of their life. This is a said thing I learned. Something you should have figured out. I bark as a shout, do not you see, I am a puppy, which can talk to you, so you can see my life as I do.

Do you have any clue? I had no idea, impression, or inkling of what was in store for me. Do you? Nor did they… or me, at that time, I was only a week old, can you tell me how many days are in a week? They all went away on different days- I and I have taught them all Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Can you tell them all in order now too?

Like- 1 + 6 1 = 2 and 2+2 = 4 what is four added on to that? It is 10, do you understand? I sure do, as of now, that is… They all went bye- bye's- I was last, the days went by fast, and they last and last. Oh; my name is Button's, or so they call me.

Okay I think, that means I am a girl…? What do you say? What is your name? I am

right in saying I am a girl like some of you. See me sitting here holding on to this thought of me and what I. This is the story of me and who I am.

So far in this county land, I understand everything… do you? Lest talk- oh about me, and what I have done over the last couple of years. What have you all done at the small, early age of five? So-o, I was with my original family, when suddenly this scary-looking person walked up to me. Old and smelly, reached down with his icy clammy hands to pick me up, I did like that or the way he was handling me.

Jake is a farmer as I said, he lives in a home next to us with Fred. He has a long white beard, and only two yellowing cracked

and chipped buck front teeth. He told me- don’t you see that is wrong- like who is he? 7 Ah- OH! This is not good- I pondered to myself… for not so long of a time.

Um-hum did I for one, like that so before he could hold me more, I bit him. That is not nice to do so do not yet, he was not nice to me, and you must give respect to get it, so I have learned. I did not want some old farmer touching me. Nor should he be touching anyone like that, if someone wants to touch you like this run and tell someone. I ask…? 'How would you like it if someone were picking you up by the back of the neck and slapping your butt or more'?

Good touch and bad touch, do you get that? Do you see me? ABC- 123, you, and me

He he! Besides the inside of my home, all of them are behind me. See my pink bow! And my licking kiss for you, my heart-shaped nose, wet too. My big flop-e ears hang as they do.

My big green said puppy eyes are looking at you! Do you see my eyelashes, and whiskers also? I am yellow and 8 brown and have a wag-a-lie tall, see it going back and forth. As I pant for breath. Yes, I am sniffing for you!

'Old dirt road' Okay, so now the man, do you see him? He put me into this wooden box, here, it was dark in there, and difficult to breathe, see and even think really. Because the box was small, black on the inside. Why? Why- was it black and heard to see and breathe… do you know? I do… I want to run…

yet I can… I want to hide… yet I cannot… I want to yell… yet you do not understand my yelling.

Farmer Jack, the man with the rake, put me into the back of an old green truck, where I was stuck, he said he wanted to be rid of me… do not you see, do you get what he was saying? No? I do… I have a clue, and it was not good, I feel you should feel this way too. What should I or you do?

Whom was he to do this! Do you know who he is? I had not done anything to him, for I could see, do you see what I did wrong to him? All the same, I was in the back of this green truck, that is old from the 1950s do- you know when that was, I do? Do you? I want to say it is 2012, or so now. Look back on all the

years to get smart like me. Don’t you see what I want you to be? He- he- be cute and smart- and has a big heart. In the back of the bed, what could I do, I was stuck in a small wood box, going over a bumpy old dirt road?

Bouncing around, in the back, with the lack of knowledge, by the time we stopped, it was early for the next move. Bump- bump- hit- pot- whole… the box brown where is you taking me to the town? Well, will

I be found? What are all these sounds, is there a thing I am missing all around? What do you think is happening, can you tell me that? Hum…? Slam!

The tall- gate on the truck went down, and into a cage, I went, at this new home, I

was all alone, or so I thought… what do you think is going to happen next? WOW- Button's, I said to that racket! After spending many hours in the crate, I could be over here even more than before; like all the folks outside this bark and dusty old box. Some said out there that he or she was my new owner. OKAY…? No one owns me! I was thinking about this… as it was said, loudly- I might add. Met them as I hoped actively.

Hey! I said or- Waoooff! To you! She put me in the front of this big old place, where I sat looking out at

this big, steamed window. It was frosty yet she gave me my old blanket back that was like being at home

and made me feel as if I wanted to be back there, at that moment. There I said day in and day out, looking at all the people go by, and yes this is something I could understand, was going on, I am not a dumb dogie, like some of you that do not get it or 11 comprehend! What does comprehend mean? I know, do you know?

'Pets’ R us' After spending many hours in the cage, the girl who is saying that she is my owner put me into this great big window at the front of their store. There I sat looking out and in at the people walking by me, at all and everything that caught my eye, with pink ribbons in her hair.

Yet she just walked by… I wanted to see her again, do you think I am well? I am not

sure. This is when all these kids would take me into a room and play with me, yet I did want anyone but the girl with the ribbon in her hair. It is not fair to want someone, is it?

I can see all the other animals, that the group I am classed in now, or so I learned. It would have been even more fun if there would not have been bars blocking me from meeting my new friends when the kids were not in the shop.

As the night went on there was not much to do, but hear the too 12 Andy, the big fat orange kitty cat Z-z-z-ing away snoring. There are bards sixteenth noting, as they sing out their songs. The rabbits, doing whatever it is they do.

Like- how was going to get any sleep at all? All the people and all the sounds, and the stuff flying about, look out at the town, what can be found, out there when I am in here, I want to play not stay in here, yet I have a fear of not seeing all of them near me.

There are even these amusing things passing by me, all out there though; I did not know the name of as then, yet as of now, I do, and they are called cars, trucks, buses, and bikes. I want to ride, don't you? All these objects are flashing before me, and my wondering eyes.

All I knew at the time was that they were shiny compared to the rest of the things I knew at the time of birth till now. I sat in the window not always bored, at what was going

on, there was a lot to see, some of them looking at me. All if not all saying that I look cute and happy, not one of the children- really wanted me. What is wrong with me? Do you know? I do not… She had stopped to look at me outside the window, as I was looking up at her with my sad-looking eyes and floppy ears. She thought I was the cuties thing she had ever seen; I now knew at that moment that she liked me.

Then again, her parents called out her name, 'Amy, come on!' And she left me, and I thought I would never see her again. I see here every day now; at the window, she loves me- whatever that is… do you know to tell me?

'Meeting new Friends' Most days consist of me sitting in the window with my blanket. When I

got tired, I ate, when I needed to sleep, I did, then I would look back into the store some more, looking for her. Hoping she would see me, some more, and play like always. I could see all the different things that were behind me too, like before… in the store as they call it. Plus, now- so do I… Things like Andy the fat cat eating and eating- way too much… is that a sad thing to do? I think so… the bards are singing again, yet this time about a song of a friend leaving, them in a way that is said, it is the first time I heard about passing too.

Do you understand that? Blue- Jay she passed away, yet it will be okay, or so the others say, see her some other day.

Do you see the cashier with her red hair stand over there, wanting to speak, and give us a way for money to customers? What is money? Like- what does it do? I know… do you all?

'Pink Ribbons' I turned around to see, I could hear this tap on the window glass. As she was slightly going passed, I looked up, and there she was, looking down at me and me up. I knew it was not the first time, yet the feeling was like the first time; that I laid eyes on her. She is now looking at me, through the glass, she is the most beautiful little girl I have ever seen in my life before, certainly, it was her.

The girl with the pink ribbon or so she called them… to me one day at play. Her mom and dad looking at her and I were playing, with the toys and her petting me, I was licking her. After spending many more days there, with all my time given to observing all the children, there was something just so unique about her only, something I cannot explain, can you?

There she is with her pink ribbons in her hair, and her blue eyes shining bright, which would stare at me sweetly. Do you see her looking at me outside the window? From that very moment, I knew that she was cherishing me. However, her parents called out her name: 'Amy come on home now!'

Amy- um- that must be her name- the name I just learned. Can you say, Amy? Do you remember my name and said it aloud now too? Yet same she left me again; I was said… how would you feel? I thought I would never- ever see her again.

In the cold and lonely wind, I sat thinking of her and getting home, owner, and best friend. Like before I would look up at her, with my sad- looking eyes and floppy ears, moving for her to see. I was thinking. 'Take me home with you.' I knew she was falling for me thought- like as if I was the most adorable puppy she had ever seen, that like I can do, do you know how to feel?

'Journeys' In the cold and lonely window, I sat looking for her to come back my way, to

say hey, and to play with me, do you see, I want her to stay with me. The next day after sleeping in the window this man strolled into the store, I'm not sure if I saw him before, he said I want that puppy that’s in the window, but I didn’t want to go with him, I wanted to be with the girl that what was here the day before, but there was not a thing I could do, and in the box, I went again, but this time the box was wrapped with paper, as the man was walking home with me in the box, he said that I was going to be the perfect gift for his little girl.

We are now at my new home, but I cannot see it because I am in a box, he said you are going to like it here, and under the tree, I went. The next day after sleeping in the

chilly could window, like before seeing all the people going by angina until it was dusk outside.

A man strolled into the store I was in I could see him walking around outside past all the buildings of many colors, red, yellow, green, and even blue… do you see them all? I sure do, and yes, I can see colors how about you! I am sure that I have never- ever seen him before. He said- 'I want that puppy in the window!' I was thinking OH- NO! Or (worfff to your ears.) Can you show me where your ears are? Do you see mine; can you point to them? Do you see him? He is taller, and not bad looking, he looks like someone I know yet I am not sure, the one I think about is the little girl.

No, I wanted to go with him! I wanted to stay here, and hopefully go home someday with her, you know who she was… do you remember? I wanted to go home with the girl that was here the day before named- Amy, but there was nothing I could do; and like before into the box, I went once again.

However, this time the box is wrapped with paper. Do you see the box in pink and purple? I can for I am inside it. Do you see all the orange, red and green, blue, and pink lights on the yellow house, blinking on and off all around? As the man walked around with me, I overheard that his name was I think, Jack, so would that make me- Button's…?

He was walking home with me inside; he said that I was going to be the perfect gift for

his young daughter. What is her name, I was saying yet he could not understand me? I ask- Can you? Holding me in the crate, going down the long driveway he said- 'We are now at your new home.' I was thinking in my young little puppy mind, what is my new home going to be like… inside and out.

Do you know? Can you see it? Can you tell me, would you shout it all out for me? You are going to like it here he said, and under the tree, I went. Can you guess why? Do you get it or know what is going to happen next?

'Footsteps' I can hear footsteps… can you? Stomp- stomp- stomp. I hear footsteps that sound like they are coming downstairs. I hear a little girl… do you hear her? 'Open your gifts,' mom, dad, and the grandparents said, in

a hast. She is ripping off the paper along with pulling on the bow, then off came the lid, and then, out I leaped. It is Christmas morning and all I can hear are the sounds of footsteps coming from the staircase, opening your presents the girl heard, ripping the paper off, along with the lid, and there she was the girl from before that was looking at me in the window.

I know that her name is Amy, so I jumped up and licked her face because I was so happy. As well as her family was saying 'how to make you like your puppy?' I love her, I am going to call her Button's. Dad- I went to town to get her this little puppy they call Button's- do you see her? I went to town because Amy was ready for the responsibility

of taking care of a pet. Can you say-responsibility? Do you know what it means?

Amy- I am a nine-year-old girl, who has always wanted a puppy, of my own. Buttons-Christmas morning, someone picked me up; and all I could hear was the sound of tearing paper until the big flash of light, and her face was in sight, I was bouncing with all my might. Her face was there, her hair, her eyes, and her hug, I knew it was the girl named Amy. So-o I jumped up and licked her face because I was so incredibly happy. Don’t you see me, all happy and doing this? Mom- Do you love your new puppy? Amy-

Yes, yes, I do! 21 Mom- I see that you know she is Button's! Amy- I love her so very,

very much, can you see me hugging her a bunch?

'On the pond' Later that day Amy said, 'Let us go!' And experience the snow, walking down to the pond with Amy and her friend named Amie. Going outside in the winter for the first time, leaving our troubles behind, to going ice skating on the pond in the backyard, I found this to be hard. I did not know what to do since I had never ice skated before, and after falling so many times, I just wanted to play in the yard, it was too hard. Do you see us out there, I would say hey, but my paws are going each way, what do you say about me trying this? Then again one day all the ice and snow melted away, this was all new to me, at that time; I did not realize of know that there

was any more out there than ice and snow, did you know… there was?

Do you know why or because? At this time, I did not know Christmas was only a seasonal event, to me I thought we did this every day, but one day all the ice and snow melted away, and to me, I did not know we could still play, in Amy's bedroom.

Oh! So, let me tell you about our house, from what I can see it is nice, I have a big yard and lots of space to play with Amy, I have the best thing that a dog could have or want. I did not know if it was going to be safe to go outside now, like without all the snow on the ground and all around. I did not know all the things that could be found. I was wondering about all the sounds, and why- I was gaining

pounds of weight. Do you see me getting fat? Am I getting that way?

'Colorful Spring' Birds sing, the sounds of them ringing out in my ears, all the fears of them I do not know them, green grass, blue sky why up so high, white clouds, all the colors of the rainbow, can you name them all. (Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet). You can only see a rainbow if the sun is behind you and the rain in front. This was the first time that I had ever seen the different seasons.

To me truthfully, I never- ever knew that there was anything more than snow on the ground and all around me and her. Up till now, this was only the first year of my life currently. I want to go outside in the spring, and I could see these entirely new things all around me

and her. Colorful things that I have never seen before. Like- the birds sing out for me, to hear them, wanting me to be their friend, time that we could spend before the day would come to end. The many flowers blooming there are many bright shades, tints, and hues. Do you understand what that means… if not ask now? I can see all the trees with all those green blowing leaves, I hear them rattle in the gusts, like the bees buzzing by also saying hi!

And all the other woodland creatures. Do you understand what I am saying here…? If not, then ask. As the spring went on, Amy and I did increasingly different things. We liked to walk in the woods as I said.

Plus, I also went swimming in the pond and played with her friend. Like Amie, Jennie, Mandie, and

Randie. Now look spring has fully arrived. But some days we just stayed inside, not hiding, not going on rides, and things like that. We were in the home, not all along, and yet sometimes it is just she and I. The one place that I love the most is her bedroom; her room is pink and cozy.

My favorite place in her room, in her bed it makes me happy; don’t you see? What makes you happy, go around the room and say the things that you love. Me- I love to lie on her bed for it is so-o big and comfortable! From what I can see our home is nice; I have an enormous -which means- big yard.

There is so much space here you would not believe it, I can run and be free, yet I always want her next to me, do you see? I have to say I am an incredibly happy puppy! I would have to say the best thing about being me is… To me, the best things about being a dog are filling-free and having Amy next to me.

Knowing that she loves me, playing tug-of-war, and watching television while lying on the floor. And using my dogie door, knowing that no one will hurt me, and having a great family, are the many things I have learned to enjoy. Do you see all of this, do you see, do you see…?

'Rainy Days' On rainy days, we could not go outside to play, so we stayed in our home, I would have to say I have a great life, for

instance even when it is raining it is still fun to go swimming.

I love to go swimming with Amy and her friends, it is so much fun, I like to run and jump in the water and splash them.

And after a long day at play, it is nice for us to go upstairs, and sleep in Amy's bed to rest our weary heads. The one lesson I learned… what have you learned so far with my story? Can you all list them? Can you name ten things on a sheet of paper, after the tells are over?

One time Amy was at school, and I was in the yard, thinking about what to do, going out and finding new things to do or to play with, and seeing what I could find, but doing

this I left my home behind. I was in so much trouble. I hope when Amy gets home, she does not get too mad. What caused me to leave the yard in the first place is that I saw this beautiful butterfly; I did know things could fly.

As this unique little creature rushed by and before I knew it, I was in the woods, and I wanted to cry. And this was not good! What to do? Do you know what I should do? How scary, this was scary I was never away from home, I knew I needed to get home, plus I was getting hungry, but how do I find my way back, every tree looked the same, but I was the one that was to blame, running away from home is not a fun game.

Running through the grasses as the twigs and sticks were breaking under me, I

was so sad. Going through the woods get muddy wanted to be home with my friend, it was getting dark I knew this could get ugly, and then finally…! 'Amy looking for Button's I can hear Amy calling out my name, echoing through the trees.

Trying to find me, and hearing her made me so incredibly happy, but not seeing her made me incredibly sad. Finally, there she was as we were running towards one another, she picked me up and said do not leave me again.

And I was thinking we will always be good friends. Yet this would not be the end of me running away to find new things… have you ever run away and not know where you were… do not do it is not a good thing to do.

Do you hear what I am saying to you? We came home and I took a bath, Amy was doing things like math. Some days it is just fun to play inside and not get into things I should not get into. Looking out the window reminds me of being in a pet shop. Hoping for a family… Why do I do this as a runaway, yet I can help it, I am a puppy I do the thing I do not understand. Do you get it? All this changed the day I went home with Amy and her mom and daddy. Why would I do anything to change that?

Do you know? Some days it is so nice and fun to play in the house, and then go out to the pond and go swimming. I love to go swimming with Amy and her friends.

Do you remember them? Name one now if you can. After playing outside all day, it is nice for Amy and me to go upstairs, sleep in her pink bed and rest our weary heads. Do you see me sleeping? Do you see her room? Do you see her bed? Can you name something in the room?

'Road Trip' Some days Amy and her mom and dad would take me along with them, to ride in their red car. Not always far yet this time it was. So, we could see unfamiliar places that we have not seen before. We would travel to so many places. I enjoy riding in the car and putting my head out of the window. I am sitting on Amy’s lap. Sometimes I just like to lie in the back and take a nap. Amy’s family went on a road trip, what I now know as a

vacation. Some of the places that I would find to be interesting would be… 'Let us see, there are some sites that I find the most remarkable.

Do you know what that word means? We were in the car going down a Pennsylvania highway. The roads had many, many twists and turns; and many rolling hills going up and down. Look at all the trees and bushes, with red flowers; we could see the many leaves blowing in the breeze.

The small towns of Pennsylvania had lots of things to see like coal mines, horses, and buggies, curing railways, and tracks up in the sky. But before I knew it, Amy said that we were in the state of Virginia. Do you know where both places are? …I do now.

'On the Road, again' We were driving along and had to stop. For the motives of Amy’s dad said that we need gasoline for are 1957 Chevy car, we all so stop at a hotel, do you know what these places are? I do!

We gently pulled into the station a man name Jerrod walked out the door and came up to our car and spoke. 'What can I do for yah?' What is he going to do? Say it aloud! Amy's dad said, 'Fill it up!' What does that mean? I know, do you?

As I said on her lap, I could see the gas go up the glass of the pump, and then go down into the hose into the back fin of his car. Do you know why it is back there? I was not sure, but I get it now. This was fascinating to me; do you know what that word means? If not ask

now. After spending the night at the hotel and here everyone was snoring, and the gas was already there in the car we went on the Virginia highway. We wanted to see more sites, this one place had lots of water all around and sand on the ground. Do you get why?

Do you know what this place is yet? It is a beach! Rainbow color big ball being pasted Amy in a swimsuit, she looks cute. I see more kids now than ever; I do not know if this is a good thing or not. What do you say? This was new to me.

Also, what was different about Virginia, is that you could be in the country seeing cows, horses, and deer. After all that- and move through some stats… do you some of the

stats? This was all new to me at the time too. Is it new for you! I can name them all. Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Hawaii, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. Now, we are coming into the state of Tennessee before I knew it, we were in a big city with many cars

and shopping malls. A place with long halls, and what I would call stalls. Do you get what I am saying? If not, then ask now.

'Misty Mountains' We could see- The Smoky Mountains, can you? They are very pretty, do not you see them, if you do then say so now. Could appear to be high and low, that was new to me is it to you? The sky and the ground looked foggy and all hazy, do you see what I see? Amy and I were sitting in the back of the car with the window open, and the air blowing through her hair.

We went up hills, and into the many valleys. I would have to say that I liked the county's ways of life. How about you? But then again, all good things ended. Time to go home to be with all our old friends that you know.

Do you remember them all? On our way home… Mom- Are you enjoying your vacation? Amy- Yes, but soon… like I will be going back to school. What is Button's here going to do without me? Button's- I look up at her face, I did not get that look she had done- you?

What is going to happen, why is she going? Where am I going? As well as what is happening to me. Do you know? Amy- we are on our way back- there are only a few more days in which we have all day to play, I said to Button that looks all said at me for she was getting it. Button's- I got yah! Do you 'GET' me?

'Sparking my Mind' Amy's first day back to school, do you know why she is going here, I do now… but at the time I did not. This was

such a sad day for me, as I sat outside, I saw her getting on her number 19 bus. Do you see the number?

Do you see what color it is… can you say the color of the bus now? I could see her standing there, getting on the bus… now the bus is pulling away going down the driveway, and I could see her waving by. And I was staying back in my dogie house.

My house is blue, do you see it? No? You well! One day I got tired of laying around because she was not with me, and that happens. So, I left! Do you get why I did? I left my safe yard. Why? I was not going to wait up for Amy to return. Do you get that? I was bored… what to do. Do you have any ideas of what I could do for fun? In the sun- I want to

run, and play, don’t you? I thought I know what I going to do… I am going to try, and find new things, that I have not seen before, I like to do that as you know. By doing this I left my home behind. Is this going to be a fun time?

Do you know yet? This one time I decided to run around on the ground, two unwind with her tell swaying behind. I wanted to find new things that would spark the mind. To play for the day, what do you say? Do you like to play?

Would you stay? For the day? What do you say? I wanted to leave her home behind for a fun time, can you think of things I can find? On the run, in the noon sun. Do you know what noon is? Button's is a spirited puppy that likes to do things that

Amy thinks are risky. Amy does not know it, but do you see me running through the fields of many colors?

'Doggy Prattling' Swimming, is something I love to do, how about you? On a burning sweltering day, it was too warm to play inside, summer has passed, yet it is still tired out, do you get that, I do not. Amy and all her friends are going swimming and taking a dive off the side. Look at me doing the same, do you see me? The water is overhead; everyone is splashing what more can be said.

Falling leaves, I can see there all around me now, and I do not get why do you? I have not gotten a clue?

The colorful leaves are blowing in the wind; the leaves are swirling and twirling. All of them fall off the trees and come down. The assorted colors will fall onto the ground. Amy and her girlfriend’s plans to save all the leaves that they have found, lying around, going to town, I see all the sounds, and the old place from before, do you see them? Amy- Withdrawal from mom and dad this can be sad, but school is not that bad. You get to ride on a bus and learn new things, this can be a rush. 'I hope when Amy gets home, she does not get mad at me. What caused me to leave the yard in the first place?

Do you know? I saw a beautiful butterfly! Do you see it? I did not think a thing like this could fly like a bird. This unique little creature

rushed by me I had to flow it… do you get why? Before I knew it- I was lost in the woods, and I wanted to cry.

Would you cry if you were lost and did not see your friends and family? This was frightening to me. Would it be to you? I was never- ever away from home without Amy or her mommy or daddy next to me. Do you go places without your mom and dad or someone like Amy? I knew I needed to get back home, how do I get there… do you know the way?

Plus, I was getting hungry, do you feel that way too? But how do I find my way back? Every tree looked the same to me. Would it to you; there were no colors to speak of… do you get why? I do now… not then. I was running through all the tall grass; all the twigs and

sticks were breaking underneath me. Don't you see this? This was so scary to me!

Run- run- run- run- run- run- run, through the woods, getting all muddy, and covered with it; I just wanted to be home with my friend named Amy. It was getting dark. I knew this could get ugly. Do you understand why?

Can you tell! Amy got home from school when she got off the bus; she was surprised to see me not at my doggy house. She rushed into the house and told her mom that she was going to look for me. Amy- Where do I go? Where oh where can she be, I need to get my puppy back to me!

Don’t you see it? This is what I get for not remembering to have her on her chain. So-o I ask is, I need to get my puppy back to me! Don’t you see it? This is what I get for not remembering to have her on her chain. So-o I ask how it felt, is it?

'Echoing Breeze’ She is searching for the town and all around; however, I was nowhere to be found. I was getting so late at night that Amy decided to look for me in the white and black bark forests with a big green lantern. Point to the light shining. Have you seen me yet? I could hear my name! Can you hear my name being called out? Why don't you call out too!

'Ricochet’ Button's! Buttons! Buttons! Buttons! I can hear her calling my name and

you! It is echoing to me; do you know what that means? If not, then ask! Are you trying to find me too? Would you? Can you? I hope you will!

'Resonance' Hearing her voice made me so happy… can you hear it? What does her voice sound like to you? Can you tell me that? What color are Amy's eyes? Do you remember my eye color?

What colors am I? What colors do you see on Amy? Can you find her hair ribbon? Can you find me too?

What color is the grass? What color is the sky? All this- made me so content, joyful, and oh so glad. Do you get why? Do yah? It made me go back to the day when I was a

smaller puppy, but not seeing her yet made me so sad, unhappy, and miserable. Do you know what that word means? I hope you and she find me soon! Will you?

'Rebound’ Do you think you will? Write down what you think. Finally! There she was… she was running towards me… As I was running toward her. Do you see us doing that? Then… At that time…

At that moment… At that point… She picked me up and spoke. Do not ever leave me again. Why would I want to, I thought… what do you think? I was thinking… I would never- ever again.

As I thought to myself, I said, 'Don’t you worry, I will never- ever- never- ever leave you

again! As well as I will always be your best friend.

Button's- I do not think I will ever get that board again… what do you say? This is a good end to my story for now… what do you say? Is that okay? But can you join me again? So-o can and will tell you more about me, Amy, and her friends' journeys. Goodbye- for now friends, until we meet again!

I was a good pet. Is it just I became a wolf dog, in my salvation to go back into the world? Said Ava.

Part:

'If you made a better wolf-dog than a human, it’s not much to boast about, said Nevaeh, harshly,' along with Black.

(Shouting in the room)

'So innocent Ava to be her soul snatcher and killer.’

'So no your not a good pet.’

'You lie, your a fake, and fraud.’

Ava- 'Or just like you girls, I am making up for my past. But I was weak, very weak, and I had no hope of driving them away from me without a wand… and a dream of keeping them looked in their bodies and mind, taking their souls, what I know, what I was made for.’

Nevaeh was shaking her head, mouthing noiselessly, but staring all the while at Black as though hypnotized. Your less then my worst bring back to life attempt.

Part:

I recall Aevaeh, a replica of me- Nevaeh, she was sculpted from the ashes of the legendary writer's unearthed remains from Earth. Despite attempts to revive her, the experiment failed, resulting in being a lifeless stone statue, that once stood in Nevaeh’s home town. This monument serves as a somber reminder of Nevaeh's greatness and the futile pursuit of immortality. It was moved to this vary spot 300 years latter.

Just out side the window was this remembrances of Aevaeh stood sentinel in the heart of the ancient forest. A towering statue of white marble, her eyes, once brimming with life, now cold and vacant. Her form was a perfect replica of Nevaeh, the legendary writer whose words had once ignited the world. Yet, Aevaeh was more than a mere likeness. She was a failed experiment, a ghost trapped within stone.

It began centuries ago. Nevaeh, the greatest writer of her time, had passed away, leaving behind a legacy that would endure for generations. Her body, laid to rest beneath a towering oak by her home, was disturbed by a group of desperate cultists. They sought to

resurrect Nevaeh, to bring her back to a world that had forgotten her when her authoring had meaning to all.

Using dark magic and forbidden knowledge, they exhumed Nevaeh's remains. From the ashes of her earthly form, they created Aevaeh. The cultists believed they had succeeded, that they had brought back the legendary writer. But Aevaeh was not Nevaeh. She was a pale imitation, a hollow shell devoid of the spirit that had made the original so extraordinary.

Desperate to rectify their mistake, the cultists attempted to infuse Aevaeh with Nevaeh's essence. But their efforts were futile. The magic they had used was too powerful, too destructive. Aevaeh's body could not withstand

the strain. She collapsed, her form hardening into stone.

And so, Aevaeh remained, a silent testament to the cultists' folly. She stood as a reminder of the dangers of tampering with the natural order, a warning to those who would seek to defy the inevitable. Her cold, lifeless eyes seemed to gaze into the distance, searching for a purpose, a reason for her existence. But in the end, she was nothing more than a failed experiment, a tragic echo of a legend.

'You have been made to come back to life so many times, Nevaeh.’ Said, Black.

-And-

The moon, a pale pearl hanging in the velvet sky, cast an ethereal glow over the small town of

Whipping Willow Creek, a small town adjacent to the land of the forest. The townspeople, their faces illuminated by the flickering light of lanterns, had gathered in the central square, their nightly ritual about to begin.

At the heart of the gathering stood Aevaeh, a young woman with eyes as dark, deep and mysterious as the forest that surrounded the town. Her voice, a soft melody that carried through the night soft air, began to rise, weaving tales of mythical creatures, ancient heroes, and the magic that lurked in the shadows.

As Aevaeh spoke turning from stone to ash, to a girl, the townspeople's faces were drawn into a collective trance.

The children's eyes sparkled with wonder, while the adults listened with a sense of longing and nostalgia. They were transported to a world where anything was possible, where dragons soared through the sky and fairies danced in the moonlight.

When Aevaeh finished her story, a hush fell over the crowd. The only sound was the crackling of the lanterns and the soft rustle of leaves in the breeze with the cast felling of the end of October. For a moment, it seemed as if time had stood still. Jack-o-lanterns in a glow everywhere the eye’s could see. And the small of chocolate, candy pumpkin pie.

Then, as if by unspoken agreement, the townspeople began to sing the songs of the ash angels. Their voices, joined together in harmony, filled the night air with a chorus of hope and joy, yet spooky. As they sang, the lanterns danced, as if they seemed to enchanted and twirl, casting intricate patterns of light on the cobblestone street.

When the song ended, the townspeople dispersed, their hearts filled with a sense of peace and contentment, when she was made stone ones more. As they walked home, they carried with them the memory of Aevaeh's stories, and the warmth of the community's shared spirit of their kind. And so, another night in Whipping Willow Creek had come to an end, leaving behind a trail of magic and

wonder, about all the types of fallen angels, vampires, and wizards, and other magical creatures.

Nevaeh opened her mouth and closed it several times. She seemed to have lost her ability to talk. Or what it over the fact that part of her was Aevaeh, and was lost to regaining strength. Once she was fully back to stone Nevaeh was able to have her full voice back.

They followed her to the door into the back gardens as they all walked back down the cobblestone sidewalk. Naddalin also felt strangely unreal more in her body, and even more so when she saw Mecca a few yards away, tethered to a tree behind Derrida’s pumpkin patch. Mecca seemed to know

something was happening screaming Black’s name along with profanities. She turned her sharp head from side to side and pawed the ground nervously, like a wild-child that lost her mind.

Black jumped at being addressed like that and stared at Emmah as though he had never seen anything quite like her.

'She is crazy.’ Said, Emmah.

'I noticed, maybe to much candy.’ Whisperer, Black.

Jinger writhed in pain, her face pale as parchment. Nevaeh, her eyes filled with a twisted mix of fear and malice, reached out to grab Jinger's broken leg. Jinger's cry was stifled by her agony as she pulled away.

Emmah, her heart pounding, stepped between them. 'Nevaeh, stop!'

Nevaeh turned to Emmah, her eyes narrowed. 'Out of my way, girl. I need to finish this.' She lunged forward again, her fingers outstretched.

Just as Nevaeh's grasp was about to close on Jinger, a sudden, chilling voice echoed through the chamber. 'Nevaeh, enough.' The voice was familiar, yet seemed to carry a weight of authority that had never been there before.

Nevaeh froze, her eyes wide with fear. Slowly, she turned to face the source of the voice. There, standing in the shadows, was a figure cloaked in darkness. As the figure

stepped into the light, Nevaeh's face contorted into a mask of disbelief.

'Ava?' She whispered, her voice barely audible.

The figure nodded, her voice cold and steady. 'That's right, Nevaeh. I've been watching you. I've seen the monster you've become.' She took a step forward, her eyes filled with a chilling intensity.

Nevaeh backed away, her fear palpable. 'No, you can't do this. You're weak. You're nothing.'

Ava smiled, a cruel, twisted thing. 'Weak? Nothing? Perhaps you've forgotten who I am. I was the most powerful witch in the land. And now, I'm back. Stronger than ever.'

Nevaeh's eyes filled with terror as Ava approached her. With a swift movement, Ava seized Nevaeh's wrist and twisted. A scream erupted from Nevaeh's throat as she was flung to the ground.

As Nevaeh lay writhing in pain, Ava turned to Emmah and Jinger. 'Let's go,' she said, her voice filled with a new-found power. 'Our work here is done.'

Though I saw Nevaeh in that image. I realized she was at the school for girls with Naddalin. Flawlessly placed to act as if one suggestion reached her ears that the dark side was reaching a new strength again… yet by the looks of Ava that was not so.

The most willing to pound at the moment she could be sure of allies, with her evil sister to make up for the pain and loathing for most of all love, and to bear the last squall to them. If she delivered them Naddalin, who would dare say she would betray Lord Ava even now? She'd be welcomed back with a jewel cover. We are love not hatred in this world.

So you glimpse, I had to do something. I was the foremost one who knew Nevaeh was still alive even to this day for this moment of understanding of the hopes for transformation and metamorphosis.

Naddalin recollected what Mr. Railie had told Mrs. Seyweal, who was one of her trusted body bodyguards to say she had been talking in her slumber, that this day would come when

all the sisters would get along, always the same words. 'She’s at the school for girls like all of us were one in need of hope and love.’

It was as if someone had lit a fire in my head, and the Death Devours couldn’t conquer them, and our past. It wasn’t a comfortable feeling it was an obsession, from that juncture on.

Part:

Ava- 'But it gave me strength and cleared my mind. So, one night when they opened my door to bring food, I slipped past them like a dog. It was considerably harder for them to sense animal emotions, so they were confused. I was thin, very thin was my true feelings.'

Thin enough to slip via the bars, that I was held in for 200 years by their hands, I glided as a dark gray dog to the landmass, away from my outdoor holding penitentiary.

'My madness should show, as much as theirs.’ Ava, thought.

I trekked northwesterly and slipped into the school for girls’ grounds as a wolf-dog on a full moon night. The same night, some of the girls got bushy tails like mine, hanging from their bottoms to show the growth.

I have been living in the forest ever since looking at Naddalin, except when I came to watch them and learn their ways to fit in, of course. You fly as well as your daddy did, Naddalin yet a fool. Nevaeh was always so

smart, yet dumb all the same. Lily was always easy.'

She looked at Naddalin, who did not look away.

'Believe me,' Black this is the time for us all to get along. 'Believe me, Naddalin. I never betrayed Alyssa and Lily or any of you. I would have died before I betrayed them or you.' And at long last, Naddalin believed it all. Throat too tight to communicate, she nodded.

'You’re to go back up to the castle at this moment. I told you, I don’t want you watching us like this. And you shouldn’t be down there anyway… If I was to see you doing this and Duerre catch you out without permission, Ava, you’ll be in big trouble.'

'Jinger, I don’t believe it- it’s Buttons, that you have been seeing doing this!' Jinger gaped at her.

'What are you talking about?'

Emmah carried the milk jug over to the table and turned it upside down. With a frantic squeak and much scrambling to get back inside, Buttons the wolf-dog slid out onto the table, known as formally Ava.

'She is no less of a killer than the rest of us. There is no need for

'Buttons!' Said Jinger blankly. 'Buttons, what are you doing there?'

She grabbed the struggling wolf-dog and held her to the room's light. Buttons looked dreadful. She was thinner than ever, large

tufts of hair had fallen out leaving wide bald patches, and she writhed in Jinger’s hands as though desperate wolf-doge to free herself from her past.

'It’s okay, Buttons!' Said Jinger. 'No cats! There’s nothing here to hurt you!'

Derrida suddenly stood up, her eyes fixed on the window. Her normal rosy face had gone the color of parchment.

'They’re coming… she is the set up to our trust.'

'You gotta go,' Said Derrida. Every inch of her was trembling. 'They mustn’t find you here… you should go now… you must not be here.'

'Judgments.'

Jinger stuffed Buttons into her pocket, after making her small with a flick of magician spells and Emmah picked up her robe. 'I'll let you out the back way,' said Derrida.

'It's okay, Becky,' said Derrida softly. 'It's okay…' She turned to Naddalin, Jinger, and Emmah. 'Go on,' she said. 'Get going.'

But they didn't move.

'Derrida, we can't.'

'We'll tell them what really happened.'

'They can't kill her.'

'Go!' Said Derrida fiercely. 'It's bad enough without you lot in trouble as well!'

They had no choice. As Emmah threw the robe over her Naddalin and Jinger, heard voices at the front of the cabin. Derrida looked at the place where they had just vanished from sight.

Jinger stuffed Buttons into her pocket as if she would fit into the palm of her hands, and Emmah picked up the robe. 'I’ll let you out the back way,' said Derrida. I have a feeling this is not going to end here. 'It’s okay, Becky,' said Derrida softly you and Jinger go. 'It’s okay… take Ava with you.' Nevaeh turned to Naddalin and said the same things to Jinger, and Emmah. 'Go on,' she said. 'Get going.'

But they didn’t move like you know anything.

'Derrida, we can’t.'

'We’ll tell them what really happened.'

'They can’t kill her.'

'Go!' said Derrida fiercely. 'It’s bad enough without you lot in trouble as well!'

They had no choice. As Emmah threw the robe over Naddalin and Nevaeh to Naddalin’s look-alike place, they heard voices at the front of the cabin. Derrida looked at the place where they had just vanished from sight. We must go quick, they said hoarsely.

Then Nevaeh stood bareness as she was poorly wrapped in Naddalin's rode, back into power she thought, in the cabin, as someone knocked at the front door.

'Just outside the window, she could see flying horses pass by. In a horrified trance, Nevaeh knew that Jinger and Emmah set off silently around Derrida’s house, knowing that if the night did not go right, all hell would come by daylight.'

The knock on the door was Maggie, Nevaeh's long-lost girlfriend from childhood. As they reached for each other, they knew their hands were already at each others sides. The front door closed with a sharp snap. It was a night filled with passion and long lovemaking.

Nevaeh and Maggie had been friends since elementary school, their bond deepening with each passing year until Nevaeh's death. It was during their junior year that a spark

ignited, a subtle shift in their dynamic. Late-night study sessions became whispered secrets, shared laughter replaced by stolen glances. Just like this one crisp autumn evening, as they strolled through the park, the unspoken tension finally broke. Nevaeh, her voice barely a whisper, confessed her feelings. Maggie's heart raced, a mix of fear and exhilaration. She returned the sentiment, their words lost in the rustling leaves.

Their relationship blossomed in secret, a sanctuary a-midst the chaos of high school. The thrill of forbidden love fueled their passion, their connection deepening with each stolen moment. They discovered a world of intimacy and tenderness, their love a beacon

in the darkness. As it was all this night likewise.

Maggie said, I can see that you have gotten back your love stone pendent that was around your neck you and I made when we were teen age girls the pink one, yah know making it from the his and both dripping of come, you both had together for the first time, after love making mixed with light blue acrylic, made in to a small crystal to charm hang on a chain to show your trust. Like Karly has the blue one, of your first ever love in your life.

I see you have taken that back from Ava who stole it from you when your were in high-school. Now you can give it to me. I know that Kristen has the one from Chiaz and you, that

you naked made molded into a stone, like this one, only change is the love inside and the color of the blue stone. This were ones all together on the same chain. The green one is always with Maiara, of the mixture of she and Nevaeh. The Yellow is with Haven. The Red with Mariella. The Purple is with Naddalin. The black is with Elody. The orange with Emmah, yet know one is sure to who she ever loved; and she never said, yet some think it was Elody Earthly ashes, for the story she wrote nothing more, due to Emmah’s love of authors.

That morning, 'please, please don't go, what is your hurry.' Said, Nevaeh. Still naked nasty hot sweaty covered in both girls liquid love all overs the sheets of Naddalin’s bed. As

Maggie was standing there in low light, unclothed.

And Emmah wrangled her way into the room. And I can’t stand this, you back in authority for a day and this is what you do, I can’t bear it.

-And-

They started up the sloping lawn toward the castle both hand and hand bared to the sunlight, wild as teenagers. The sun was late tight now; the sky had turned to a clear, purple-tinged gray, but to the west, the east a glow of yellow there was a ruby-red glow above them.

Jinger stopped dead, to look over in the grassland to see them both.

'Oh, please!' Jinger and Emmah began to giggle.

'And we need to grow up!'

Part:

Naddalin reached for her wand, but it was too late. The enormous black dog leaped, its paws slamming into her chest Ava was under the spell of her past family's wishes. She tumbled backward the wind knocked out of her.

The dog rolled off of her, and Naddalin struggled to her feet. She heard it snarling as it circled for another attack.

Jinger was on her feet, her arm clamped in the dog's jaws. As the beast dragged her away, Naddalin lunged forward, grabbing a

handful of its fur. But the dog was too strong, pulling Jinger like a rag doll.

Suddenly, something knocked Naddalin off her feet. She heard Emmah's scream and felt a sharp pain in her head.

Groggily, Naddalin reached for her wand, wiping blood from her eyes.

'Ava!' She whispered, illuminating the scene.

They had chased Buttons into the shadow of the Whipping Willow Tress, its branches thrashing wildly like a possessed creature.

The dog was fully dragging Jinger into a large gap in the tree's roots. Jinger was

fighting furiously, but her head and torso were disappearing from their sight.

'Jinger!' Naddalin shouted, trying to follow, but a heavy branch lashed out, forcing her back.

All they could see now was one of Jinger's legs, desperately clinging to a root. A sickening crack echoed through the woods, and Jinger's leg snapped. She vanished from sight.

'Naddalin, we have to get help!' Emmah gasped, her voice trembling. She was bleeding from a wound on her shoulder.

'No! That thing could eat her! We don't have time!' Naddalin replied, her heart pounding.

'Naddalin, we'll never get through without help!' Emmah insisted.

Another branch whipped down at them, its twigs snapping like fingers.

'If that dog can get in, we can,' Naddalin panted, darting between the branches. But the tree was too strong, its blows relentless.

'Help! Please!' Emmah cried, her voice filled with terror.

Ava darted forward, slithering between the branches like a snake. She placed her front paws on a knot on the trunk.

Suddenly, the tree froze. Not a leaf stirred.

'Ava!' Emmah whispered, her eyes wide with amazement. She clutched Naddalin's arm tightly. 'How did she know?'

'She's friends with that dog,' Naddalin said grimly is not who you think she is... 'I've seen them together. Come on, and keep your wand out.'

They covered the distance to the trunk in seconds. Before they reached the gap, Ava slid inside. Naddalin followed, crawling through a narrow, earthy tunnel.

Ava as Buttons was a few paces ahead, her eyes glowing in the wand light. Emmah slithered down beside Naddalin.

'Where's Jinger?' Emmah whispered, her voice filled with fear.

'She's ahead,' Naddalin replied, pushing forward.

'Where does this tunnel lead?'

Emmah asked, panting.

'I don't know. It's marked on the map, but Anna and Katy said no one has ever gotten into it. It goes off the edge of the map, but I think it's heading towards Claepsiara, School of Wizardry.'

They moved as quickly as they could, their bodies cramped and aching. Ava's tail bobbed in and out of sight as she ran. The tunnel seemed endless, as long as the one to Honeydukes the land of the underground.

All Naddalin could think about was Jinger and the terrible fate that awaited her, or Ava.

Finally, the tunnel began to slope upward. Moments later, it twisted, and Ava disappeared. Ahead, Naddalin saw a glimmer of light.

She and Emmah paused, gasping for breath, and edged forward. They raised their wands to see what lay beyond.

It was a chamber, a dark, dilapidated partition. Dust covered everything, and the furniture was broken and shattered. The windows were boarded up.

Naddalin glanced at Emmah, who looked terrified but nodded.

Naddalin pulled herself out of the hole, surveying the room. It was deserted, but a door stood open, leading to a shadowy hallway. Emmah grabbed Naddalin's arm. Her eyes darted around the boarded windows.

'Naddalin,' she whispered, 'I think we're in the Shrieking Shack.'

Naddalin looked around. Her eyes fell on a wooden chair near them. Large chunks had been torn out of it, and one leg was missing.

'Ghosts didn't do that,' Naddalin said.

Just then, they heard a creak overhead. Something had moved upstairs. Both of them looked up at the ceiling, their hearts pounding.

Quietly, they crept out into the hall and up the crumbling staircase. Dust covered

everything except the floor, where a long, shiny streak marked the path of whatever had dragged something upstairs.

They reached the dark landing.

'Nox was the house ghost,' they whispered together, their wands going dark. Only one door was open. As they crept towards it, they heard a low moan followed by a deep, rumbling purr. They exchanged a final look, a final nod.

Naddalin kicked the door open, her wand held tightly in front of her.

On a magnificent four-poster bed, Ava was nude lying on it, she was barking loudly, her eyes fixed on them yet a foaming-at-the-

mouth teenage girl. On the floor beside her, Jinger lay, clutching her injured leg.

Naddalin and Emmah rushed to her side.

'Jinger, are you okay?' Naddalin asked, her voice filled with relief.

'Where's the dog?'

'Ava is the dog you dumb shit?' Emmah demanded.

'It's not a dog,' Jinger groaned, her teeth gritted. 'Naddalin, it's a trap.'

'What?' Naddalin gasped.

'It's an magnanimous, feeling' Jinger replied, her eyes wide with fear.

Naddalin spun around, her wand raised and they all were back in the grasses and

flowers next to the castle. A figure stepped out of the shadows, revealing a grotesque, skeletal face. His yellow eyes gleamed with malice. It was Trirus Black.

'Armusexpellis!' Croaked Nevaeh, pointing her wand at them.

Naddalin and Emmah fired their wands, but Black caught them with his knowing to trust nothing in the moment. He took a step closer, his eyes fixed on Naddalin.

'I thought you'd come to help your friend,' Black sneered. His voice was hoarse and raspy. 'Your father would have done the same for me. Brave of you not to run for a teacher. I'm grateful... it will make everything much easier.'

Naddalin's blood ran cold. Black's taunt about her father echoed in her ears, igniting a fury within her. For the first time in her life, she wanted her wand back, not to defend herself, but to attack, to kill.

Before she could act, Emmah and Jinger grabbed her arms, holding her back.

'If you want to kill Naddalin, you'll have to kill us too!' Jinger said fiercely, her voice weak but determined.

A flicker of something passed across Black's shadowed eyes. I am not here for you girls only one!

'Lie down,' he said to Jinger. 'You'll damage that leg further.'

'Did you hear me?' Jinger insisted, clinging to Naddalin for support. 'You'll have to kill all three of us!'

'There will be only one murder tonight,' Black replied, his grin widening.

'Why's that?' Naddalin spat, struggling to break free from Emmah and Jinger's grip. 'Didn't care last time, did you? Didn't mind slaughtering all those non-magical people to get at Nevaeh? What's the matter, gone soft in Asheville Jail.'

'Naddalin!' Emmah hissed. 'Be quiet!'

'He killed my mum and dad!' Naddalin roared, breaking free and lunging forward. She had forgotten about magic, forgotten that she was small and weak compared to Black.

All she knew was that she wanted to hurt him, no matter the cost.

Perhaps it was the shock of Naddalin's sudden attack, but Black didn't raise his wand in time. Naddalin seized his wrist, forcing his wand away. She punched him hard in the face, sending them both tumbling backward.

Emmah was screaming; Jinger was yelling. A blinding flash of light erupted as Black's wand fired a jet of sparks that narrowly missed Naddalin's face. Naddalin felt Jinger's shrunken arm twisting beneath her fingers, but she clung on, punching Black with everything she had.

Black's free hand found Naddalin's throat.

'No,' Naddalin gasped, her vision blurring. 'I've waited too long.'

Black's fingers tightened, and Naddalin's world spun. Just as she was about to lose consciousness, she saw Emmah's foot swing out. Black let go of Naddalin with a grunt of pain. Jinger had thrown her wand at Black's hand, and Naddalin heard a faint clatter.

She broke free from the tangle of bodies and saw her wand rolling on the floor. She lunged for it, but before she could reach it, Black raised his wand.

'Urgh!' she cried, just as Black's spell hit her.

'Deana, listen,' Jinger gasped, struggling to keep Buttons from wriggling free. Then the

nude girl was transferred back to the wolf-dog was going berserk, its teeth snapping at Jinger's hand.

'Buttons, it's me!' Jinger pleaded, her voice trembling.

Behind them, a door creaked open and man's voices rumbled.

'Oh, Jinger, please let's move!' Emmah whispered, her breath catching.

'Okay, Buttons, stay still,' Jinger commanded, trying to calm the frantic animal that Ava was at the moment.

They walked forward, Naddalin and Emmah keeping their ears closed to the growing confusion behind them. Jinger stumbled, her grip on Buttons slipping.

'I can't hold her!' Jinger cried. 'Buttons, shut up! Everyone's hearing us, we know that your family is going to make evil transpire!'

The wolf-dog howled as she became full size, but the sounds from Derrida's garden drowned it out. A jumble of male voices singing in the sunlight, a chilling silence, and then the sickening swish and thud of an axe by Black hands then the sound of a dripping, drenched spluttering, was the killing of Buttons and also the life of Ava, her head lying rolled away from the body by 20 feet.

Emmah swayed, her knees weak.

'They did it!' She gasped they killed her the trader, her voice filled with horror. 'They did it the chipped of her head!'

Professor Tralaney sighed. 'Well, dear, I think we'll leave it there, to rot. It was a bit disappointing, but I'm sure you did your best.'

Naddalin's mind was numb. The three girls stood frozen in terror, their black-faced veils barely concealing them. The last rays of the morning sun cast a bloody hue over the shadowy grounds full of blood splatter. 'A woman for a woman said Nevaeh.' That is truly grown up, is it not?

'Derrida,' Naddalin muttered, her voice barely a whisper. 'You all have lost your hearts and minds, how are you not just like her?'

Before they could turn back, Jinger and Emmah grabbed her arms, saying shut it or you're next.

'We can't,' Jinger said, her voice trembling. 'They'll be in even worse trouble if they know we were here.'

Emmah's breathing was shallow and ragged. 'How... could... they?' She choked out.

'Come on,' Jinger urged, her teeth chattering.

They hurried back toward the castle nude and covered in blood, their cloaks billowing in the wind, to blood to have on their bodies.

The light was fading fast as a wicked storm had come fast in the gust of wind, and the darkness seemed to swallow them whole as if it was the soul of Ava making it dark around them.

'Buttons, still or Ava,' Jinger hissed, her hands clamped over the wriggling fingers. Buttons yelped as the Axe went down and snapped her bones, trying to break free.

'What's wrong with her?' Naddalin asked, her voice filled with fear. It did not happen the first time, they had to keep chopping at her head, to kill her.

Suddenly, Naddalin spotted a pair of glowing yellow eyes in the darkness. It was just a cat, one of the infamous cross-eyed undomesticated cats, that was stalking towards them.

'Shanks!' Emmah shrieked. 'No, go away!'

The cat pounced and slipped from Jinger's grasp.

Before Naddalin or Emmah could react, Jinger tore off her cloak and raced after Dinky.

'Jinger!' Emmah cried let her go.

Naddalin and Emmah followed, their hearts pounding in their chests. They heard Jinger's shouts yelps did not help.

Suddenly, there was a loud thud.

'Gotcha!' Jinger yelled. 'Get off, you stinking cat!'

Naddalin and Emmah skidded to a halt, finding Jinger sprawled on the ground, the cat tucked safely in her bare belly and chest, like a newborn child.

'Jinger, come on back under the cloak,' Emmah panted. 'Duerre and the Martina will be out here any minute.'

But before they could cover themselves, they heard the thunderous approach of a massive, dark figure.

~*~

Nevaeh had joined the fray; both sets of Ava’s front claws marks still set sunk deep as cuts into Naddalin’s arm; Naddalin threw her off about the time her head was removed from her wolf-dog body, but Nevaeh now darted toward Naddalin’s wand saying this can be fixed with a spell. NO, YOU DO NOT! ‘For me girls, not Ava, Ava is gone forever.’

Then at that moment roared Naddalin, and aimed a kick at Nevaeh that made her leap aside, spitting at her; Naddalin snatched up her wand and turned, and Get out of the way, you had my pet killed! And the shouting was at Jinger and Emmah just as much.

They didn’t need to tell twice, that it was killing and just as evil in cruelty.

Emmah, gasping for breath, her lip bleeding, scrambled aside from the back and forth want attacks, snatching of power like Jinger’s wand next to her.

Jinger crawled to the four-poster and collapsed onto it, panting her white face, nude body face forward, now tinged with green leaves.

Then both hands clutching her broken leg, a force done by the spells of the hands of the fallen angels, that they some fail to remember that they are.

Black was sprawled, there were girls at the both of the walls covered in blood looking like starkly non-covered teens, looking for blood.

Then look at that thin chest came a gowning rose, and fell rapidly as they watched Naddalin walking. As a flying horse was nearer, just outside, her wand calling her horse pointing straight at Black’s heart, she ran and hoped on into the skies above as an escape.

And I am going to kill her!

‘Naddalin?’ I feel like the shepherded, not the prince, I should be.

Naddalin stopped above herself, the wand a twin to her sisters still pointing at Black’s chest, looking down at her. ‘Are you going to kill me, Naddalin!’

‘Your not my father.’ She screamed.

(A livid bruise was rising around Black’s left eye and his nose was bleeding.)

And you had me killed when I was just a little girl, Said, Naddalin. Her voice was shaking slightly, but her wand hand was oddly quite steady.

Black stared up at her with sunken eyes.

'And I do not deny it,' she said very quietly. 'And but if you knew the whole story.'

'And the whole story?' Naddalin repeated a furious pounding in her ears. 'You sold me to Ava. That's all I need to know.'

'And you've got to listen to me,' Black said, urgency in her voice. 'You'll regret it if you don't... You don't understand...'

'I understand a lot better than you think,' Naddalin said, her voice shaking more than ever. 'You never heard her, did you? My mum... trying to stop Ava from killing me... And you did that... you did it...'

Before either of them could say another word, something ginger streaked past Naddalin; Nevaeh leaped onto Black's chest

and settled herself there, right over Black's heart. Black blinked and looked down at the cat.

'Get off,' she murmured, trying to push Nevaeh off her.

But Nevaeh sank her claws into Black's robes and wouldn't shift. She turned her ugly, squashed face to Naddalin and looked up at her with those great yellow eyes that would change as she would get mad. To her right, Emma gave a dry sob.

Naddalin stared down at Black and Nevaeh, her grip tightening on the wand. So what if she had to kill the cat too? It was in league with Black... If it was prepared to die, trying to protect Black, that wasn't Naddalin's

business... If Black wanted to save it, that only proved she cared more for Nevaeh than for Naddalin's parents...

Naddalin raised the wand. Now was the moment to do it. Now was the moment to avenge her mother and father. She was going to kill Black. She had to kill Black. She was her chance...

The seconds lengthened. And still, Naddalin stood frozen there, wand poised, Black staring up at her, Nevaeh on her chest. Ginger's ragged breathing came from near the bed; Emma was quite silent.

- And then came a new sound -

…Muffled footsteps were coming up through the floor - someone was moving downstairs.

'WE'RE UP THERE!' Emma screamed suddenly. 'WE'RE UP THERE - TRIRUS BLACK - QUICK!'

Black made a startled movement that almost dislodged Nevaeh; Naddalin gripped her wand convulsively - 'Do it now!' Said a voice in her head - but the footsteps were thundering up the stairs and Naddalin still hadn't done it.

The door of the room burst open in a shower of red sparks and Naddalin wheeled around as Professor Rezk came hurtling into the room, her face bloodless, her wand raised

and ready. Her eyes flickered over Jinger, lying on the floor, over Emma, cowering next to the door, to Naddalin, standing there with her wand covering Black, and then to Black herself, crumpled and bleeding at Naddalin's feet. 'Liarmusexpel!' She shouted.

Naddalin had never been part of a stranger group. Nevaeh led the way down the stairs; Next to blacks dead body, Nevaeh, and Jinger went next, looking like entrants in a six-legged race. Next came Professor Lily, drifting creepily along, her toes hitting each stair as they descended, held up by her own wand, which was being pointed at her by Trirus. Naddalin and Emma brought up the rear.

Getting back into the tunnel was difficult. Emmah, Nevaeh, and Jinger had to

turn sideways to manage it; Naddalin still had Nevaeh covered with her wand. Naddalin could see them edging awkwardly along the tunnel in single file. Nevaeh was still in the lead. Naddalin went right after Black lifeless body on the ground, who was still making Lily drift along ahead of them; she kept bumping her lolling head on the low ceiling. Naddalin had the impression Black was making no effort to prevent her from this moment.

'You know what she means?' Black said abruptly in his last breath. ‘This is my salvation and my judgment to you, lost in a black hole/’ Naddalin as they made their slow progress along the tunnel. 'Your turning into Nevaeh, yet I not your bastard?'

'You're free,' said Naddalin.

'Yes...' Said Black. 'But I'm also - your maker, I don't know if anyone ever told you - I'm your daddy.'

'Yeah, I knew that,' said Naddalin.

'Well... your parents appointed me your guardian,' said Black stiffly. 'If anything happened to them...'

Naddalin waited. Did Black mean what she thought she meant?

'I'll understand, of course, if you want to stay with your aunt and uncle,' Said Black. 'But... well... think about it you killed the man that give you life. Once my name's cleared... if you wanted a... a different life it was up to you to make it not me.'

Some sort of explosion took place in the pit of Naddalin's stomach.

'What - I could have lived with you?' She said, accidentally cracking her head on a bit of rock protruding from the ceiling. 'Leave me now, I never left you.'

'Of course, I thought you wouldn't want to,' said Black quickly. 'I understand, I just thought I'd - forget.'

'Are you insane?' Said Naddalin, her voice as croaky as Black's. 'Of course I want to leave without saying I feel bad yet this is life and the way it needs to be! Have you got a house, no, do you have a wife? No. Do you have a life? No. Do you have me as your kid?

No. When can I move in would have never happened you’re a bum.'

Black turned his head right around to look at her; Lily's head was scraping the ceiling but Black didn't seem to care.

‘You kids do mean the most to me.’

'You want to?' She said. 'You mean it?'

'Yeah, I mean it!' Said Naddalin.

Black's gaunt face broke into the first true smile Naddalin had seen upon it. The difference it made was startling, as though a girl ten years younger were shining through the starved mask; for a moment, she was recognizable as the man who had laughed at Naddalin's parents' wedding.

They did not speak again until they had reached the end of the tunnel, when his voice was nothing more then echo. Nevaeh darted up first; she had evidently pressed her hand to the knot on the trunk, because Emmah, Nevaeh, and Jinger clambered upward without any sound of savaging branches.

Black is dead and I saw it said Lily up through the hole, then stood back for Naddalin and Emma to pass. At last, all of them were out.

The grounds were very dark now; the only light came from the distant windows of the castle. Without a word, they set off. Nevaeh was still wheezing and occasionally whimpering.

Naddalin's mind was buzzing. She was going to leave the the girls group called Sleyashs. She was going to live with Trirus Black, her parents' best friend... She felt dazed... that this would happen when she told the Ashley she was going to live with the convict they'd seen on television...!

'Easy now, Jinger, Nevaeh,' said Emmah threateningly ahead. Her wand was still pointed sideways at Nevaeh's chest.

Silently they tramped through the grounds, the castle lights growing larger. Lily was still drifting weirdly ahead of Nevaeh, And then a cloud shifted, her charm around her neck bumping on her chest, and glowing in the low light. There were suddenly dim shadows

on the ground. The party was bathed in a fast approaching moonlight.

Lily collided with Emmah, Nevaeh, Maggie and Jinger, who had stopped abruptly. Maggie then at that moment froze in her steps. She flung out one arm to make Naddalin and Emma stop, looking at all the charms glowing.

Naddalin could see Emmah's silhouette. She had gone rigid. Then her limbs began to shake.

'Oh, my -' Maggie gasped. 'She didn't take her potion tonight! She's not safe!'

'Run,' Nevaeh whispered. 'Run. Now.'

Nevertheless, Naddalin couldn't run. Jinger was chained to Nevaeh and Maggie.

She leaped forward but was caught around Maggie’s chest and threw her back. 'Leave me alone- RUN!'

They had transformed. There was a terrible snarling noise. Emmah’s head was lengthening. So was her body. Her shoulders were hunching.

Her hair was covering her face and hands, curling into fingernails, and now claws.Nevaeh’s hair was on end again; away- as the devil reared, snapping its long jaws, Emmah finally had become evil.

It was the moment of seeing Trirus disappearing and the sounds of his death and he was then eaten by snakes at Naddalin’s

side, as the snakes were talking with her about the events of making Black a meal.

The enormous, fallen angel bounded forward. As the devil entrenched its fairy free of the manacle binding it, the snakes seized the neck of Black, and pulled him backward, away from Jinger and Nevaeh.

They were locked, jaw to jaw, claws ripping at each other for his flesh. Naddalin stood, transfixed by the sight, too intent upon the battle to notice anything else. It was Emmah’s screams that alerted her feelings.

Nevaeh had dived for Emmah’s dropped wand. Jinger, unsteady on her poorly bandaged leg, fell. There was a bang, a burst of light - and Jinger lay motionless on the

ground. Then another bang - Nevaeh flew into the air and back to the ground in a heap of the snacks.

"Liarmusexpel!" Naddalin shouted, her wand pointed at Nevaeh. You do this you both know you can not die without the other, Emmah's wand flew high into the air, disappearing when she was also interested in the streaming of energy. "Stay where you are!" Naddalin yelled, running forward, your hands on me, like real a woman.

It was too late. Nevaeh had transformed, her monstrous form now revealed. Naddalin watched in horror as the creature's tail lashed out, striking the manacles on Jinger's outstretched arm. A chilling sound echoed through the grass as the creature vanished.

From the darkness, a terrifying roar erupted. Naddalin turned to see a colossal, winged beast taking flight. It was a creature of nightmares, its form a grotesque blend of man and beast. With a thunderous beat, it soared into the forest.

"Trirus was screaming in his killing!" Naddalin cried, her voice filled with despair. Black was bleeding, wounds marring its muzzle in blackness.

Despite his injuries, Back a loyal creature scrambled to its feet, his eyes filled with determination. In a flash, it disappeared into the undergrowth.

Naddalin and Emmah rushed to Jinger's side. "What did they do to her?" Emmah

whispered, her voice trembling. Jinger's eyes were half-closed, her mouth hanging open. She was alive, but her breathing was shallow, and she seemed unaware of her surroundings.

"I don't know," Naddalin replied, her heart heavy. Black and Emmah were gone Emmah went after him in the hole of energy of death, leaving them alone with Lily, who remained unconscious, suspended in midair.

"We have to get them to the castle and tell someone," Naddalin said, pushing her hair out of her eyes, the only one you need to get back is Emmah. "Come on."

Just as they were about to leave, a mournful howl echoed through the night, Emmah had become the soul wolf of Ava, when

she was crunched with Ava's teeth. It was the sound of a creature in pain. "Trirus is lifeless," Naddalin muttered, her eyes filled with worry. She turned to face the darkness, her heart sinking, and Emmah was now hexed by Ava's soul.